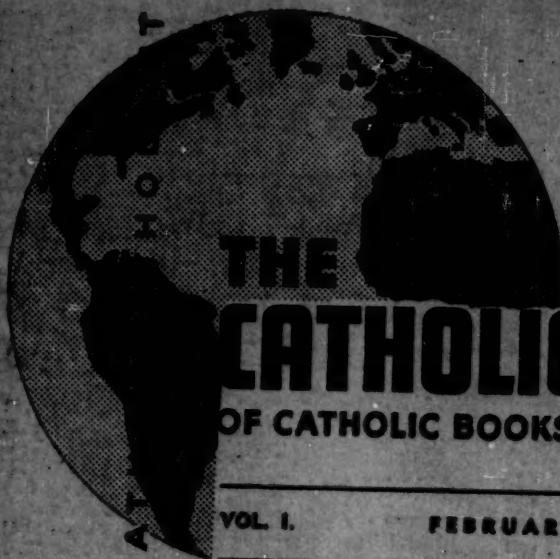


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THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1937

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THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

To the man of robust and healthy intellect who gathers the harvest of literature into his barn, thrashes the straw, winnows the grain, grinds it in his own mill, bakes it in his own oven, and then eats the true bread of knowledge, we bid a cordial welcome.

Southeby.



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VOL. 1
NO. 4

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

OF CATHOLIC BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

FEBRUARY, 1937

Common Sense

By ADELAÏDE DE BÉTHUNE

Condensed from *Liturgical Arts*

When I was a little girl seven years old I received my first Holy Communion. I was supposed to have attained the age of reason. So, from then on, my mother let me accompany my grandpa every morning to Mass.

I got the idea that I should be busy for the half hour that Mass lasted. One day we were going to have in school a catechism examination (for which I had studied nothing). I figured here was a chance for me to go over some of the questions. So I took my little catechism along to church and studied diligently while my grandpa said his beads. I don't remember whether I passed the examination or not. But I felt sure that God had been much pleased and honored. I do remember, however, that the following week we had another examina-

tion. Geography this time. Again I took my text book along—geography, just as a matter of course.

That spring I was ten. My mother decided we should all go to the Holy Week services. But, in spite of the most sincere devotion and every effort to remain a nice, quiet little girl, the services seemed very long.

For Holy Saturday then, my mother gave me a very fine present. She gave me a book. In the book she showed me where I could read for myself all of the stories and prayers that the priests were chanting at the altar. In that way I missed nothing of what was happening.

It was a great experience. I am sure also I must have kept just as quiet as I was busy, reading with avidity all the old prophecies and the special prayers for

Holy Saturday, so unusually beautiful; turning pages back and forth with much energy, and asking my mother if I had caught up with the priests or not.

The book Mother had given me proved to be most interesting and entertaining. It wasn't just a Holy Saturday book, nor even a Holy Week book. It was an "every day" book. I could pray with it every single day I went to Mass, because it was a Mass book (called a Missal I was told) with all the prayers of the Mass for every day of the year. At the end of the year I could start the book all over again and go through it day by day, year after year, as long as I lived.

Each day had different prayers and different texts from the Scriptures. I thought that was a great idea. I never got tired of them and each day I had a new surprise. At first it was the text from the Gospels that I liked best. I enjoyed stories.

Our soul can grow, I next found out with great joy. It can go on increasing and expanding (like a wide, blooming flower from a little bud). Our soul can learn, it can improve, it can spread out like a mighty tree, from a tiny "mustard seed". Everywhere I found examples of this wonderful growth. And I

liked the bold way in which the material life of plants and natural things was used to symbolize and explain the spiritual life of our soul. "The just shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow up like the cedar of Libanus. Alleluia."

But it was not until very recently that I understood better that this Life of our souls could grow and increase as we became deeper in communion with Christ. When our will is united to Christ, the Christ-Life is more abundant in us. We participate in the Christ-Life. We are Christ.

However, if we are each (in our soul) part of Christ individually, then we are also all part of Christ, and all part of one another. We are all brothers. We should be as good and kind to every single human being, because he is a part of Christ, as we would be to Christ Himself or to ourselves. When we are disrespectful and mean to poor people, to Negroes, to Jews and Gentiles, to foreigners, to Communists, to banker and capitalists, to sinners, we are mean to ourselves and to Christ. This is just common sense, but it had never occurred to me.

This idea of our being all like one solid bunch, attached to Christ, was new to me. Really,

the more I went on reading my good old Mass book, the better I understood the very same friendly sentences. The Sacrifice, the Sacrament, however, is the real help to understanding better. Just reading words over and over again doesn't do any good. Words, words, words; they just come in and they go out. But the Sacrament makes us united to Christ. When the Christ-Life is stronger, the Christ-Light is stronger. And, with a brighter Light, we can "see" more clearly what is the meaning inside the words we read. So offering Mass is the best exercise for developing intelligence (although schools and colleges may think otherwise).

The Sacrament of the Eucharist, has two parts to it, I found out. (It is just a common sense thing, but somehow I had never thought about it.) First, it seems, we all offer something to God, as Christ did when He first offered Mass, by dying on the Cross. Christ offered Himself. So we all do again the same thing, and we all offer ourselves. We don't give God what is bad in us. No. Evil and sin we give *up*, we decide to eliminate altogether. We give God what is *best* in ourselves.

All our poor offerings of the meager good in us are placed to-

gether on the altar. The simple bread and the wine stand for them. We join them all to the offering of Christ. And so our offerings become Christ's. The bread and the wine become Christ. We are united to Christ, as much as we have given ourselves.

But secondly comes the Resurrection (which is the "Life Eternal", that death cannot kill). Christ gave us a part of His Resurrection already, when He gave us the eternal food of the New Life at the Last Supper. We have it still to this day, all over the world. Communion is the Resurrection.

"He who loses his life, shall find it." We have *lost* our individual life by giving it in the Sacrifice. We *find* the eternal Christ-Life in receiving the Communion. We receive our own gift back, increased, improved and renewed. All the gifts that every one had given are now distributed to all. I had given just myself. Now I receive myself right back, together with every one else: Helen and Dorothy, Catherine and Mary, Francis, Lawrence and George, and old Peter, and little Charlie . . . and above all, and within all: Christ.

I was *alone* before. Now I am *one*. I am one with all, and one

with Christ and in Christ. "I live no longer, but Christ lives in me."

We are all in Christ. We have received His Body and His Blood. We are all His Body. We are brothers, all members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

The Sacrament of the Mass is one of brotherhood. It binds us all together. Do you suppose we are partaking in it very well when we merely "go to Mass" as so many sacks of potatoes sitting upon wooden pews?

Our good Holy Father begs of us to think more of our bond of

brotherhood, to offer Mass by activity and outwardly *participating* in the Holy Sacrifice. He asks it not just of the priests, but of us, the congregation, the laity. We are all priests, Saint Peter reminds us. We must all offer the Mass together (as one Body) with the ordained priest at the altar. We, the congregation, should all answer the prayers of the priest and sing together with the clergy and the choir. So we would show *outwardly* our *inner* Spirit of unity, harmony, and brotherhood in Christ: the Spirit of Christ.

What Think You of Christ?

"What after all, in practical life, does Jesus Christ mean to you?" I was asked the other day. What does He mean to me? The answer is so vast that I wonder how and where I shall begin. What is He to me? He is the Alpha and Omega; He is the first and last; He is the beginning and the end. He is before all else, He is after every other; in Him, and from Him, and with Him; to Him for ever and ever be all the glory that any being can win for Him; that is enough to make up the sum and substance of my life.

What is Jesus Christ to me. "Christ loved me and gave himself to me for me;" that is what He means to me. Christ loved me, and came down the lane of life looking for me, and became a child with me, and exchanged His confidence with me, and listened while I told Him my heart's desire in return, and gave Himself to me, and taught me how to love in a way I had never known before, nor could anyone else have taught me. Christ loved me, and let me see a little of His heart; and I felt its trembling weakness yet leaned upon its strength; I pitied its littleness yet gloried in its greatness; I ached for its sadness yet triumphed in its glory; all within me was a turmoil of joy and anguish, and when I turned to go away I found my heart had been stolen from me, and it was an agony; but an agony so sweet that I trust to have it till my dying day.

—Archbishop Goodier.

Behind the Scenes in Spain

By AUGUSTINE C. MURRAY

Condensed from *Light*

Timbers smoldered on every side, as I stood in the great hall of the Technical School of Madrid. The Reds had just completed their work of destroying this building where many a laboring man had received his free technical training under the able direction of the Jesuit Fathers. It was a day of arson and wanton destruction. Red fury had seen its climax here.

As I so stood, there came towards me Father Garcia-Villada, the eminent Jesuit historian of Spain. He informed me that some 30,000 manuscripts, which he had gathered from the four corners of the earth for a new history of Spain, had just been destroyed by the fire.

The Spaniards are the least excitable of all the Latins, in my experience. But when they are aroused their determination is almost without bounds. The Leftists or Reds feel themselves to be defending an ideal, although false, while the Rightists or Nationalists are rebelling to free themselves from slavery.

When we seek to explain the present events in the light of mod-

ern conditions, we must realize that the psychology of the inhabitants beyond the Pyrenees is one totally different from the rest of Europe. The Spaniard looks at life from an angle very different from the rest of the Europeans. He is not ambitious. He wishes to live in peace and harmony with his neighbors. He is not seeking money for its own sake. His is largely a Catholic philosophy of life. Catholic ideas and ideals influence the major decisions of his life, even though he may not go to Mass every Sunday.

Within the past few decades a devastating influence has been brought to bear upon the lower classes of Spain. Ferrer was the first of a long line of Anarchists, who have kept the lower classes in a state of unrest. A great deal of money has been expended by Moscow in the last fifteen years to organize the ignorant laboring classes. The dictatorship of Primo Rivera gave added strength to the radical elements, because all the other political parties were disbanded during his regime except the Marxist groups.

which were permitted to flourish. It is these Socialistic labor organizations under the intellectual leadership of the *Ateneo* of Madrid that brought about the Revolution of 1931.

We must realize that behind the present crisis in Spain, there is an intellectual leadership on the part of the radicals which will be hard to duplicate among any other radical group in Europe. The lower classes are being led by university professors, who have grown up with a hatred for everything religious. These men have been schooled in a philosophy which refuses to look beyond the life of the senses and whose ultimate causes have been traced no further than to the electron.

Communism in its most extreme and violent form, with its ruthless destruction and massacre, is the kernel of their political philosophy. They seek to annihilate the finest traditions of which any country can boast. They refuse to remember the culture which has been Spain's throughout the centuries. When so-called intelligent men deny the ideals and legitimate aspirations of the best portion of a nation, then their philosophy must perforce be inimical to the best interests of the State. The present

by a small group of organized radicals under the leadership of atrocities are being perpetrated the State universities. They have succeeded in capitalizing the ignorance of the working classes and especially the peasants, promising them a Utopia which has no possibility of realization. The Spanish Government established in February, 1936, succumbed to this Red philosophy and this Red pressure. No other course was left to the people but rebellion.

Those who know only a few superficial facts are not slow in pointing the finger at the Church as the cause contributing to present conditions. Their accusation is false. For many years the Church has been the only agency which has done anything for the education of the working classes. Her priests and Religious at great sacrifices have maintained private schools in the urban centers, where the poor have received excellent instruction. However, education is not viewed in Spain as it is in other countries. Since about eighty-two per cent of the population is agricultural, we can readily understand why the majority of the people think that education is superfluous. Hence the task of educating the farming population has been a slow and discouraging work. The clergy

have always worked and agitated for the education of the peasants and workers. Resistance to education has come from the very people who would be benefitted by it.

It is due mainly to this indifference on the part of the peasants to education, that they have been exploited by Communistic agitators and fallen victim to their false theories. The bitterness on both sides is also accentuated by the deep gulf which the Communist Government is trying to establish between the classes. However, a war of extermination such as is now raging in Spain, will not remedy the evil genius abroad there. Nor is it Fascism, in its German or Italian variety, which will bring about peace and harmony between the classes. Spain must come back to Christ to find peace and rest for her war-torn soul!

It is imperative that one point be made very clear. Although the newspapers call the Rightists, that is the Conservative and Catholic element of the revolt, by the name of Fascists, *they are nothing of the sort*. Fascism is not the idea behind the present

revolt in spite of the fact that Hitler and Mussolini have given them aid. These merely see a chance to create for themselves "spheres of influence". General Franco, has clearly stated: "Each nation must meet its own problems in its own way. We cannot meet ours as did Italy. We want a national government, justice for middle-class property owners, as well as for the working class." General Queipo de Llano has made it clear that "Spain's greatest need is for cooperative government." I would add that it needs a Christian Corporative State like that of Portugal. The nature of the Spaniard is far too individualistic to stand the weight and the strain of a Fascist regime.

These two philosophies—Communism vs. Christian Democracy—are now being tested, not by the critique of reason, but by the less cogent argument of cold steel. Whatever we may call the Rebels, they are fighting for an ideal which is grounded in the essence of God and for equality of man before his God. The Reds are fighting to destroy God, the Church, Spain itself.

A politician is a man who keeps his eyes on the next election; a statesman keeps them fixed on the next generation.

Edmund A. Walsh, S. J.

What Makes the Organ Lofty?

By AL WIDEMAN

Condensed from *Manners*

Furioso! Con Fuoco! Pressissimo!* These impressive descriptions in frowning Italian, all part of the lingo of the serious musician, aptly described the situation. I had just set fire to the rectory with calm deliberation, and laughed with Mephistophelian mirth as the terrified clergy came bowling out, fast followed by the frantic housekeeper. I was fully justified in my act. I will explain calmly while sirens shriek.

It all started when I was young and impressionable. I nearly jumped out of my dermis every time I heard that opening majestic snort from the organ loft at the High Mass. What a lift I would get as the ensemble of diapasons and reeds would batter against the masonry and ricochet about the edifice like a smiling storm! The urge was irresistible. I must produce it! Experiment One. Defeat One. I went to the pastor, who knew I had a musical soul and had frequently cashed in on my pianistic prowess *pro gloria bazaarum*.†

* Furiously! With fire! Most rapidly.

† For the enhancement of parish picnics.

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"I want to play on the organ," I explained naively. "Might I?" I can still see the look of horror on his face.

"Don't you know," he scowled, "that our organ is a very delicate instrument?" If it's such a delicate instrument, I mused, why let anybody play on it? I knew that the great feeble thing had cost him twenty grand, and here he was admitting it was "too delicate to be played". Why not wrap it in cellophane then, and use a kazoo? Lord knows there's nothing delicate about that.

Undaunted, though taunted, I showed up at the studio of a celebrated maestro in a Jewish synagogue, and recited my unquenchable desire to learn in the orthodox manner. He observed that I had big feet, and felt encouraged by the fact. There are still many listeners who don't realize that the organ pedalboard has thirty-two notes—giant copies of the manual keys—to be played with the feet, using the heels and both toes of both shoes in a fascinating Fred Astaire manner. The system develops as study

progresses, until you find yourself at a service playing on three or four keyboards with your hands, galloping over the pedal-board with both feet, deftly drawing an occasional stop with a free finger, directing a reluctant choir with your head, and answering the telephone as the pastor buzzes you from the sacristy to suggest that you render something nifty during the collection.

There was no hint of delicacy when I agreed to pay a dollar an hour to practice in a rental studio, and worked intensely three hours every night on the esoteric glory of Bach fugues. One lesson a week cost me five dollars per, and this program was relentlessly pursued for six years. Then I went to Paris and polished the surface with some dark-dyed training under the tutelage of one of Europe's most celebrated virtuosi—at seven dollars and a half per session.

I came back to New York, where I tarried to absorb a sizeable dose of Gregorian Chant at the Pius X Institute. Then back to Chicago, where I interested myself in learning the rudiments of boy choir work from the well-known Paulist conductor. And there we are back to the scene of the burning rectory, where I had

just been offered the magnificent sum of five dollars a week as an enticing reward for officiating as minister of music, with three rehearsals a week and two masses and benediction every Sunday, not to mention novenas and special surprises. Was I *furioso*, and did I counter attack *con fuoco* and run *prestissimo* into the tender arms of the summon'd police, to be protected from the further assaults of the terrible clergy!

Footnote—A priest in this diocese had just bought a new organ, and I called on him to suggest that I might give him a fine opening concert on it.

We went over to the church; he sat down to listen while I began to play the opening blast of Bach's D Minor Toccata and Fugue. The masterpiece built itself up on a layer of incense and finally arrived at its ecstatic climax. I was in a trance of elation over the never-failing musical sublimation. As the last soul-gripping minor was suddenly released and went floating out among the pillars and disappeared, I looked down for my listener. He had also disappeared. After a pained and extensive search, I found him. He was in the rectory counting nickels.

Mohammed and Christ

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions*

Among the ten big religions in the world today, Mohammedanism listing 240,000,000 adherents ranks as number three in point of numbers. Catholicism claims 372,000,000 members and Confucianism 270,000,000. However, in the practice of their religious customs and in their sullen aggressiveness to the Catholic Church, the followers of Mohammed constitute the greatest threat to the spread of the doctrines of Christ.

Mohammedanism, or Islam, is the religion founded by Mohammed in the early seventh century in Arabia. The word "Islam" means submission to Allah, and the satisfaction which comes thereby to the Moslem. The word Moslem itself means one who has submitted. Islam, which is both a religion and a political system, is found today in Morocco, the Sudan, Algeria, Egypt, Thrace, Albania, Syria, Turkey, Iran, the West Indies, Sumatra and Java. It likewise has far-flung outposts in China, Cape of Good Hope, in England, France, Italy and the Netherlands. It has never really obtained a foothold in distinctly Catholic countries unless the way

had first been paved for its approach by schism.

In the majority of Mohammedan strongholds today, Christians constitute a despised minority. In Iraq, for example, among the vast Mohammedan majority there are only 70,000 Catholics. In all of Persia, there are scarcely more than 5,000. The few thousand Catholics in Russian Turkistan are the butt of constant attack on the part of over 4,000,000 Moslem fanatics. Palestine has only 33,000 Catholics as against 1,000,000 devotees of Islam.

One hundred and thirty thousand Catholics are found also among 12,000,000 Mohammedans in the land of the Nile. While in most of these countries the essentials of liberty, embracing freedom of worship, are granted to Christians, there are countries, such as Russia and in a measure Turkey itself, where aggravating restrictions are the rule. Even in countries where Mohammedans are in the minority and Christians hold political sway, such as in the Island of Mindanao, Philippine Archipelago, the followers of Mohammed cordially despise the followers of Christ.

According to the orthodox Moslem doctors, there are six major articles of faith or so-called Roots of Islam. These are: (1) Allah alone is God; (2) Angels, beings with subtle bodies, are created out of light; (3) The Koran is the complete and final word of Allah given to mankind through the prophet of Allah, Mohammed; (4) Prophets, of whom the last and greatest was Mohammed, have from time to time guided mankind in the truths of God; (5) Judgment at the last sends man to Heaven or hell according to his deeds; and (6) the truth God's Omnipotence (interpreted by us wrongly as predestination).

The five pillars of practical religion are (1) the belief that "there is no God but Allah and Mohammed is the apostle of Allah"; (2) five periods of prayer daily; (3) legal almsgiving; (4) fasting, especially during the month of Ramadhan; (5) the performance of the pilgrimage to Mecca by all who have sufficient means for the journey. At its

best, Islamic morality has in the past emphasized family life and the care of the needy. It has legislated against infanticide, private profit, suicide, robbery, inhumanity, gambling, slavery, perjury, the sale and consumption of intoxicating drink, and adultery. At its worst, it has broken all this legislation, has allowed polygamy, with the liberty of four wives for any man at any one time, and slavery; it has likewise recommended the policy of *Jihad* or Holy War as an instrument in the spread of the faith.

While conversions from Mohammedanism are rare and, because of the threat of death attached, are not a topic for editorial comment, even at this safe distance, nevertheless, by the multiplication of priests and schools and the practice of full Christian life as taught by the Catholic religion, Catholics may be a leaven in the Mohammedan mass. Yet to be such, they must oppose purity to impurity, pray always, and in generous and humble charity, wait upon the workings of the Providence of God.

MOUNTAIN-MOVING

Mohammed made his people believe that he could call a mountain to him, and from the top of it offer up his prayers for the observers of his law. The people assembled. Mohammed called the mountain again and again to him, but the mountain did not move. He was not at all abashed, but put it off with the jest: "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, then Mohammed must go to the mountain".

François Mauriac: Catholic Novelist

By PAUL A. BARRETTE

Condensed from *The Fleur De Lis*

In the galaxy of writers who represent the Catholic literary revival in France, François Mauriac occupies a conspicuous place. His election to the Académie Française in 1933 crowned his literary efforts and corroborated in an official manner the numerous testimonies of admiration and praise given him. A Catholic by birth, education, and conviction, Mauriac has openly expressed his faith, partly to defend his position among non-Catholic critics who expressed surprise at his treatment of certain plots in his novels, for example, adolescent concupiscence and illicit love; partly also to refute the bitter criticisms of his co-religionists who deplored the possible evil influences which might result from his realistic descriptions of troubled characters.

The conflict between man and society, environment, love, or religion forms the basis of interest in the novel, and Mauriac claims that it is the author's duty to describe these situations faithfully. The realists and naturalists of the nineteenth century, lacking faith, failed to see the spiritual and su-

pernatural side of human life. It is this added element which is found in all the novels of Mauriac. His realism is animated with a soul, for Mauriac considers in man both the natural and supernatural states; therefore, he may be called an integral realist.

Like many French writers, Mauriac made his literary debut with a volume of verses, *Les Mains Jointes*, published in 1909, followed in 1910 by *L'Adieu à l'Adolescence*. These poems describe his years of happy childhood, his souvenirs, surroundings and friendships. The same evocations of childhood and college days are to be found in his first novels, either conceived or published before the war. Mauriac's familiar theme, the struggle of flesh with grace, is the preponderant element of these novels.

It was not until 1922 that Mauriac achieved recognition with *Le Baiser au Lepreux*, by which he established his reputation as a novelist of talent. The hero of his novel, Jean Peloueyre, is a sickly, ugly, and timid character; he is rich and marries a

St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo. Jan., 1937.

young girl, Noemi d'Artailh. Since his physical condition is most repulsive, she can return only esteem for his love. Ashamed of his infirmity, he voluntarily exposes himself to tuberculosis and dies in order to deliver her. After his death, in spite of the attentions of a young doctor, she remains faithful to the memory of her husband, and the sad love that separated their bodies unites their souls in heroism.

Genetrix, 1923, is a novel of maternal selfishness. Felicite Cazenave centers her love upon her son, Fernand, who grows up clinging to her helplessly. She prevents his marrying on account of jealousy. At fifty years of age he elopes with a servant. The story opens when Mathilde, his wife, dies at childbirth because of lack of care. His mother rejoices because she feels that she will regain the complete love of her son. But Fernand is suddenly obsessed with the death of his wife. He becomes conscious of a crime of which he is partly guilty. He accuses his mother in self-defense; she retaliates by blaming him for his wilful neglect of Mathilde. Bitter quarrels follow until she is stricken with paralysis. Before her death, however, he shows her a little affection which gives her the idea that

she has once more gained the victory. But he soon deprives her of her joy by saying that it is Mathilde who wished him to be good to her. Not until her own death does her ancient power over him reassert itself. Without her, Fernand feels entirely lost.

In his latest novel, *Les Anges Noirs*, 1936, Mauriac develops his favorite theme, that of adolescent concupiscence. A precocious young man, Gabriel Gradere, studying for the priesthood, seduces his protectress, Adila du Buch, and before marrying her falls in love with Mathilde, Adila's young cousin who, in despair, weds Synphorien Desbats, her business adviser. Adila's life is tormented with the thought that she ruined her husband's vocation and she dies consumed with remorse. Her son, Andres, is brought up by her cousin, Mathilde, who has a daughter, Catherine. A marriage of convenience is planned between the two cousins. As time passes, however, Gabriel dissipates the property he has inherited from his wife by selling it to Synphorien and squandering the money. Synphorien takes steps to get Andres' property by advancing him money in exchange for the right to buy it. Once in possession of the property, Synphorien's secret inten-

tions are to marry his daughter to a rich neighbor. His plan takes an unexpected successful turn when Catherine (having discovered that Andres, although willing to marry her, has another woman for a mistress) declares that she no longer wishes to marry him. Synphorien is now about to triumph.

However, Mathilde, his wife, sympathizes with Gabriel, not only because she cannot forget that she once loved him, but also because her love for his son Andres is more than that of a step-mother and Gabriel has given her the hope, if her husband should die, of letting her marry Andres. In order to get the best of Gabriel, Synphorien enlists the aid of Aline, a woman of easy virtue. Mathilde keeps Gabriel informed of her husband's movements and those of Aline who finally falls into Gabriel's hands and is strangled by him. In despair as a consequence of his crime, Gabriel seeks the moral support of the parish priest, the Abbe Forcas,

who finally assists him on his death bed.

Many readers feel that Mauriac gives too much importance to the description of bold situations and perverted people. It is true that for delicate souls such novels are not recommended, and Mauriac is the first to admit the fact. But in the delineation of these characters which are tortured morally and tempted physically, there pierces a light from above; a joy is felt mingled with the love of Christ; a feeling of hope springs from the hearts of these repentant sinners, comparable to the moral state of the communicant whom Mauriac describes in *Jeudi-Saint*: "All these crimes which the communicant sees at a glance are no longer his; another has taken them upon Himself from the moment Christ's forgiveness has descended upon his soul with the absolution of the priest. His misery, far from leading him into despair, helps him to understand with what love he has loved."

Power

"Christ calmed the sea, because neither the wind nor the sea could refuse to obey Him; but hearts lacerated by human love and bodies excited with desire are strong enough to refuse. Then the winds cry out, 'I will not,' and blow in the face of an impotent God."

—Mauriac (*La Vie de Jesus*).

A Papal Coronation

By FRANCIS AUGUSTUS MACNUTT

Condensed from the book entitled *A Papal Chamberlain*

Eyewitness account of the coronation of Pius X on August 9, 1903.

The Pope's aspect was that of a martyr. At times he looked weary to the point of fainting. Many people liken him to Pius IX, whom I never saw, but I find no resemblance to the known portraits of the latter. His expression is one of extreme sweetness and gentleness, and his manner throughout the long, complicated function denoted humility. He seemed to sit sidewise, in a rather languid fashion, on the *sedia gestatoria*, his head a trifle bowed and his mitre crooked. In giving his blessing, his hand was barely raised, and his whole attitude was in marked contrast to that of Pope Leo XIII.

The applause of the assembled faithful had been dear to Leo who accepted it for exactly what it was—the only demonstration of fidelity possible to the multitude gathered from the four quarters of the earth to pay homage to the visible Head of Christ's Universal Church. To Pius X, the cheers are evidently a shock; and every time they broke forth, he made a deprecating gesture to

impose silence, and put his finger to his lips. He cannot divest himself of the idea that St. Peter's is only a church and nothing else. It is, of course, first and foremost a church, but it is also something else; it is not possible for a crowd of fifty thousand, gathered for a Coronation ceremony, to behave as would a congregation of five hundred assisting at a low Mass.

Notices had been everywhere put up, and printed leaflets distributed at the doors, informing people that it was the Holy Father's wish that they should abstain from applauding and cheering, but the natural vivacity and excitement had to have an outlet.

The Pope, vested in the truly regal *manto* and wearing a jewelled mitre, was borne slowly up the central nave, seated upon the *sedia gestatoria*, flanked by the great fans of ostrich feathers—*flabelli*—while the cantors sang the *Tu es Petrus*. Three times the Pope halted, when a Master of Ceremonies turned towards him holding a silver brazier upon

1936 Longmans Green & Co., 14 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 398 pages. \$3.50.

which he threw a handful of tow, and cried out the solemn warning: "*Pater Sancte! Sic transit gloria mundi!*" Each time the sinister reminder was uttered, the voice was pitched in a higher key, until the third utterance was almost a shriek. The flax should have flared up for an instant, then died out, leaving but a puff of pale smoke in the air. But for some reason this morning, it did not, but only flamed up brighter and brighter as the procession continued, until finally the whole mass, still burning, was turned out on the floor at the foot of one of Bernini's bronze columns that support the baldachino over the high altar. This incident produced a profounder impression upon many persons than all the rest of the stupendous ceremony.

I find no words to describe the wonderful spectacle, or to portray my emotions and impressions. I have assisted at many grand and imposing ceremonies—beautifications, canonizations, royal progresses, State funerals and all the religious, military and civic pomps imaginable in many different countries, but they pale into insignificance compared to the supreme beauty and the majesty of this morning's ceremon-

ial, in which every attitude has a meaning, every gesture is symbolic and each object used is a spiritual or historical emblem.

Grouped under the famous dome, was the spiritual and intellectual might of Christendom. These venerable Cardinals, bishops, heads of religious orders, are the mind and soul of the Church. And in their midst, elevated to the highest dignity upon earth, was Pius X, a Pope in whom the virtue of humility seemed incorporated. At the Elevation, the silver trumpets, high above in the dome, sounded a solemn melody of indescribable sweetness; it was composed long ago by Silvestri, an officer of the Noble Guard who never, as far as I am aware, composed anything else; he did well to stop with that.

Wearing the triple crown, the Pope rose to his feet and gave, in a firm, audible voice, the Apostolic Benediction. It was a scene of indescribable solemnity and enthusiasm, for the outbreak of feeling could not be checked. Amidst thunders of applause and deafening cheers, the Pope made his exit from the church, blessing the multitude with uplifted hand as he was borne over the heads of the crowd.

Meeting a Novelist

By LONGFELLOW FISKE

Condensed from *Pax*

Sinclair Lewis has long been in the limelight as an American novelist. Nobody doubts his ability as a sort of modern Dickens in his cleverness and characterizations. But Lewis has been blatant and at times scathing in his use of sarcasm as he has dealt in his books with certain types of Americans who just didn't appeal to his particular tastes and fancies.

For instance, several years ago he wrote a novel about the Protestant church and preachers which was insulting to religion and to all clergymen.

While writing this novel, which was the poorest piece of literary workmanship that ever came from his pen, Mr. Lewis gave a few dinners, and I, as one of the guests, met the great novelist and had a strange experience, with a definite reaction of intellectual nausea.

I was in Kansas City, Mo., one day and accidentally met a certain popular young minister of that city. He informed me that Sinclair Lewis, "is in town, getting material for his novel about ministers; and is giving Monday

night dinners over a period of a month to certain invited liberal clergymen." It seemed that those dinners were to constitute a sort of clinic for the novelist to enable him to study his subject at first hand. Protestant preachers were to be subjected to X-ray treatment by America's noted novelist! And would I "like to attend the dinner tonight? It's at 7:00 o'clock sharp at the Ambassador Hotel, and I would be glad to have you come as my guest." I accepted the invitation.

At the Ambassador Hotel I met a fine assorted collection of preachers — Lutheran, Episcopalian, Congregational, Unitarian, Baptist, Methodist, all drawn here by the irresistible attraction of meeting and knowing a "great man". It was significant, however, that in this heterogeneous group of Christian clergy there was not one Catholic priest! Lewis had ignored the Catholic Church entirely. I wondered why then, and I wonder today.

The novelist was the center of the gathering from the start. As we were herded in a rather small ante-room off from the spacious

private dining-room, Lewis mingled freely with his guests. Affable, voluble, with quips and spicy atticism bouncing off his tongue, he made us feel at home. Red faced, with a small, taciturn mouth, and red hair, he looked like a typical hard-boiled New York newspaper man graduated into the literati.

It just happened that when we moved into the dining room and stood for an instant at the long table before sitting down, I was standing by Lewis, and so had the honor of sitting next to him throughout the evening. On the other side of him sat William Allen White of Emporia.

We hadn't sat at the table long when the eminent Mr. Lewis rose to his feet, struck a water glass with his knife, and announced with a smile, "My Sunday School class will now come to order! To save time we will talk during the courses. No speeches, gentlemen, just conversation!" and as an aside, "There are no reporters present."

The ministers laughed good-naturedly.

"Our subject tonight," said the novelist, continuing, will be: "Why Have a Church Anyhow?"

Having opened the meeting Mr. Lewis abruptly left the room for a moment—which occurred

often during the evening's festivities—and, as I sat next to him, I was soon able to understand why—the aroma of his breath indicating that he had arranged a clandestine service with the head-waiter!

As the evening progressed, the author became more talkative. Suddenly he blurted out, "As I see you preachers, believing a lot of theology, you are either morons or hypocrites!"

I suppose this should have offended the guests, but they took it tolerantly, even benignly, with a slight titter. When "greatness" speaks it demands a certain degree of respect!

And another bomb-shell. "As I see it Voltaire was a greater man than Jesus Christ ever thought of being!"

The Lutheran pastor didn't relish this, and inquired, curtly, "Mr. Lewis, have you ever read Voltaire's 'Joan of Arc'?"

"No," replied the novelist suavely, "but I've read several good reviews!"

Again: "Sophistry, gentlemen, sophistry, that is your stock in trade, without sophistry you couldn't have a message or a job!"

It was apparent that Lewis was prodding and goring his guests to

stimulate their thinking, and make them talk.

He succeeded. In a few minutes there were spirited replies from the ministers; but all of their pleas were for a more liberal Protestantism. The author of *Main Street* had deliberately chosen the personnel of his "Sunday School Class" to include only preachers.

In the course of the evening William Allen White spoke, in tempered tones and temperate style, defended the Protestant church of today but revealed considerable tolerance toward the novelist, whose point of view he deemed partialistic and a trifle warped.

That dinner was certainly an interesting affair, and one long to be remembered. To me, Lewis represented the extreme position of Protestantism's doctrine of "freedom of judgment" carried to its ultimate extreme, to where it was *reductio ad absurdum*. He represented the Protestantism of yesterday gone to seed, like Kansas sunflowers in November!

Sinclair Lewis stayed in Kansas City for several weeks. The climax of his visit was his speech in a Kansas City Protestant church one Sunday evening, when, standing in the pulpit, hav-

ing been graciously introduced by the pastor, he "defied God," took his watch out of his pocket, held it in his hand and shouted. "Now, if God exists, I will give Him one minute (or was it two?) to prove it, by striking me dead!" And he held his watch, in the tense silence of the congregation, waiting for the blow—which of course didn't come! One could hardly imagine an act of greater presumption or more sacrilegious.

The following day, after this Sunday evening talk, a man who heard the Lewis speech, passed a haberdashery and observed in the window a huge straw hat which filled the entire display space. Entering the store he asked to buy it.

"Why, you can't wear it!"

"No, but I know who can!"

The haberdasher was interested.

"Who, in heaven's name!" he exclaimed, with a wry smile.

"That great novelist, Sinclair Lewis. Last night, in a Kansas City church, he defied God to strike him dead and even held his watch on the Almighty.

The hat was purchased and a truck engaged to take it to the one man in the world who could wear so prodigious a headpiece!

Future Alignments With Spain

By CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

Condensed from *The Ave Maria*

SOME prophets have said that, after the Spanish war is finished, Europe must inevitably find itself menaced by a grand coalition of three "Fascist" powers of Italy, Germany and Spain. There are many reasons why this is not probable.

The notion that Spain is likely within the next few years to become a power of military importance is clearly fantastic. Should General Franco take Madrid, he will be very far from master of the whole country. It is quite possible that he will never take Catalonia and that the unity of the country will be permanently broken. In any event the devastation of the war has been so appalling that for a long time to come it will clearly be quite impossible for any Spanish Government to follow a vigorous foreign policy.

Nobody can pretend that Spain will be a strong military power in the near future; but, argue some others, it is her weakness rather than her strength which will be the danger. The weak Spain that will emerge from the war will in fact be a puppet state of Italy,

and with her aid Italy will be able to dominate the Mediterranean.

All such arguments derive from the misconception that fascism is a coherent and universal creed like communism. If there be a communist government in Spain, it is true that the government would be likely to work in collusion with the government of Russia. For both the communist governments would be indifferent to the national traditions of the countries that they govern. But the essence of a so-called fascist government is that it is a government based upon the national traditions of its country. The fascist governments, totally unlike one another in most other respects are alike in that. Therefore there is no reason why two countries should pursue a common foreign policy simply because they both happen to be fascist.

It is true that all fascist governments have in common two negative principles. They are opposed to Marxianism and they are opposed to anarchy. And therefore they naturally attempt to prevent the collapse of any

The Ave Maria, Notre Dame, Ind. Jan. 2, 1937.

European country into either communism or anarchy. But within that limit, they choose their sides in foreign policy simply in accordance with their national interests. Thus, although it is inherent in the communist creed that all nations must be made communist, it is not inherent in the fascist creed that all nations must be made fascist.

Now, that being so, the notion that there is any natural alliance between the Germans and the Italians, or that they are destined to go forward together to the suppression of European liberty, is not a plausible one. On the contrary, the temperaments of the two dictators differ widely, as do the national interests of the two countries. The Germans are anxious for the inclusion of Austria, the Italians opposed to that inclusion. Mussolini is the master of some millions of Germans up in the Trentino, whose inclusion in the Reich is certainly and necessarily a part of all pan-Germanic schemes. On the other hand, Italy has no Francia Irredenta within her borders.

Therefore, the course of Italian foreign policy has been as follows: So long as Germany was disarmed and out of the picture altogether, Mussolini indulged in the luxury of certain disputes

with the French. But as soon as Germany became strong, she drew close to France in the Stresa Front. If she had to choose between France and Germany, she preferred France.

It is only this year that she has moved off from the orbit of France into that of Germany, and that for two definite reasons. First, the imposition of sanctions gave her no alternative. Second, by the time that sanctions were over, France had passed into a condition of semi-anarchy. Her friendship was not, for the moment, worth having.

Now it is important to understand that it is the calculation both of Signor Mussolini and of most observers on the continent of Europe that the present regime in France is but temporary. The Russians, afraid for their skins, invented the formula of the Popular Front, and won from the French the Franco-Soviet Pact. It was their intention first to impose communism on Spain and Portugal and then afterwards to spread it into France. But, thanks to the vigor of the Spanish resistance, their plans miscarried badly. Moderate-minded men in France are coming to ask whether the Franco-Soviet Pact has not given their

country insecurity rather than security.

There is a rising tide of indignation throughout France against both the politicians and the Soviet Pact. And it is probable that, soon after the defeat of the Left forces in Spain, the present Left Government in France will fall. The Right will return to power and, returning, break with the Russians.

Therefore, it would be high folly for Signor Mussolini, or anybody else, to commit himself deeply to the present passing French regime. The important question is rather what shall be the relations of Italy with the coming regime. Now it is the peculiarity of Italy's economic position that she does not possess any of the most important raw materials. She can only live by exporting luxuries in order to

buy the necessities which she imports. That is well enough in a time of prosperity, but in a time of adversity obviously people's first economies are on their luxury expenditures. Therefore the Italians suffered much more severely than anybody else from a world depression.

Therefore, by the contrary proposition, there is no nation that has a more vivid interest than the Italian in the building up of world peace. And of all contributions to world peace, beyond question the most important is that of the ending of the age-old Franco German rivalry. It is the ending of that rivalry which is the predominant Italian policy. Signor Mussolini is, *au fond*, neither for Germany nor against Germany. It is his ambition rather to be the bridge-builder who will bring the two great countries together.

The Silver Hammer

The reported tapping on the forehead of the dead Pontiff with a silver hammer, and calling three times "Pater Sancte", after which the Camerlengo solemnly announces that the Pope is really dead, is a fiction. There is no such hammer, and the calling aloud three times of the words "Pater Sancte" last took place in 1676, when Clement X died. It is remarkable how much foolishness is talked about the Vatican, even by people living under its shadow, who might and easily could know better.—Francis A. MacNutt. (See above p. 15.)

The Liturgy and Language

By LANCELOT C. SHEPPARD

Condensed from *Orate Fratres*

THERE is no doubt that the liturgical movement has made progress, in the last few years, all over the world. But when we come to examine the nature of this progress it becomes more difficult to assess its true value. The real question is one of essentials; how far and to what degree has the ideal been realized that all Catholics—or whatever education and station in life—should participate actively in the public worship of the Church—Mass, office, Sacraments, and sacramentals?

All this seems a far cry from the subject of this article. In reality it is not so very far when we consider why it is that so very many good people have not rallied by the thousands to the liturgical movement. Is it not that they feel, and say so sometimes, that they understand and appreciate their own non-liturgical prayers better; they feel themselves quite incapable of penetrating the sense of the Latin liturgy?

Do they not ask questions such as these: Is the life of union with the Church as the mystical body

of our Lord entirely reserved to those who can understand Latin, or to those who have the necessary means of learning it? Can one hope for a change, or must one be content with the present state of things? What is the attitude to be adopted by a Catholic who is convinced of the necessity of liturgical worship and who knows no Latin? Why are liturgical prayers sung in a dead language and not in the vernacular?

The origins of the Roman liturgy are by no means clear; but in all the discussions that have taken place on this subject one thing seems certain—its first language was Greek. At Rome, as elsewhere in the West, the early Church was, if one may so express it, a Greek religious colony; the language was Greek, the writers Greek, the Scriptures Greek. Use of Latin in the Church began apparently in Africa. It gradually ousted Greek, and by the end of the fourth century, it was well established. Traces of Greek persisted however; at Rome, according to the first Roman Ordo (circa A. D.

770) the lessons on Holy Saturday are to be sung first in Greek and then in Latin. Even nowadays at a Papal Mass the epistle and gospel are chanted in Greek before the Latin version, and on Good Friday the Trisagion is still sung in Greek and Latin in the Roman rite.

In primitive times there was no question of praying in a special (liturgical) language. People said their prayers in the vernacular. However, by the ninth century, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin had become recognized as the only liturgical languages, and in A. D. 880, Sts. Cyril and Method had considerable difficulty in obtaining permission from Rome for the use of Slavonic in the liturgy. Since then Slavonic has been a liturgical language both for the Roman and Byzantine rites and the privilege of its use has been gradually extended.

It seems that in recent years a very slight, but nevertheless distinct modification in the practice of the Holy See in this matter of the vernacular in liturgy has been manifested. The following instances may be quoted in support of this statement.

In Hungary there is one Uniat diocese of the Byzantine rite—Hagu-Dorogh, founded in 1912. At first Greek was chosen as the

liturgical language of this diocese, but since the war permission has been given for the whole of the rite to be celebrated in modern Hungarian—that is in the vernacular — saving only the words of consecration which are in Church Slavonic.

A recent edition of the ritual for the diocese of Cologne shows that a considerable amount of the vernacular has been allowed there in the administration of the sacraments. A new edition of the ritual for the diocese of Linz in Austria gives yet a wider sphere to the vernacular. The little diocesan magazine says this: "No Austrian diocese could heretofore boast of such an extensive use of German in the liturgy. In this matter Rome has without the least difficulty met the wishes of the clergy halfway."

In Czechoslovakia, by the concordat of 1920 the singing of the epistle and gospel in the popular language is permitted provided they are sung first in the liturgical language. The vernacular may also be used in the administration of baptism. In many of the oriental rites the vernacular is used extensively (e. g. by the Byzantine Rumanians, Copts, and Melkites) and it seems that this practice has not been opposed by Rome. (As late as the middle

of the nineteenth century the publication of translations of the ordinary of the Mass was frowned upon, but nowadays ecclesiastical authority encourages such translations for private use.)

There are many difficulties in the way of any change. However, certain suggestions may be advanced toward a solution of the difficulty. First, an extension of the knowledge of Church Latin among layfolk generally, so that they may appreciate the real meaning of the liturgy. Books with parallel columns do not entirely meet the difficulty. It is difficult to follow properly—or even sing—with one eye on the Latin, and the other on the translation, and the understanding

probably in the narrow white path between the two. Secondly, we may envisage a partly vernacular adaptation of parts of the liturgy; some of the prayers of the ritual, for instance, and the singing of the epistle and gospel in English from the pulpit on Sundays and holydays of obligation. In some places I have heard parts of the funeral service, of marriages, and of baptisms, repeated in English after the Latin. It is but a step to suppress the Latin, for some of the non-essentials at least, altogether. Such changes are suggested merely as possible ways by which the laity could be helped to that active participation in the liturgy which is the wish of the Church.

It seems to me that the social questions that are agitating the world today, all the unrest and upheavals that characterize our epoch, indicate either that God is preparing a terrible cataclysm which may well be the beginning of the end of our European civilization, or that we are to witness such a revival of Catholicism in our midst that will leave no regret for those days hitherto styled the Ages of Faith.

—Pax.

"Let us with caution indulge the supposition that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

—*Washington's Farewell Address.*

Opposition To Freemasonry

By D. A. CASEY, LITT. D.

Condensed from *The Canadian Messenger of the Sacred Heart*

At this writing the horror in Spain continues to shock the civilized conscience. Before me as I write is a special despatch from Madrid to *The New York Times* from which I quote: "Almost without exception only those army and navy officers who are Masons are now defending Madrid." And supporting the Reds in the destruction of religion!

Of the twenty Ministers of State in the Blum "Popular Front" Government, eleven are known and identified as members of Masonic lodges. Eight others have given "Conferences" at Masonic reunions; and there are only 50,000 Freemasons in France, out of an electorate of over 10,000,000!

You who know many Masons as decent citizens and good neighbors may find it hard to believe that the craft has as its object the utter demoralization of the masses, the destruction of all civil and religious authority, and the establishment of a universal Godless State with Masons in control. Yet all this can be proved beyond the shadow of doubt from evidence supplied by Masonry it-

self. As for the decent citizens and good neighbors, they know no more about the real principles of Masonry than the figure-head of a ship knows about steering. Pike, so eminent in the craft that he is called "Pope of Masonry", says: "Part of the symbols are displayed to the initiated, but he is intentionally led astray by false interpretations."

Freemasonry is a child of the so-called Reformation. In Catholic times the members of the different trades were organized into societies called guilds which, colored by the life of the day, were distinctly Catholic in spirit. One of these guilds was the Masons, and because of some rights or exemptions it enjoyed, it was termed "free", and its members were called "free masons". After the religious revolt under Henry and Elizabeth these guilds lost their religious character and became purely industrial. At this time there existed in England, with London as its headquarters, a secret society known as Rosicrucians, partly of Jewish origin. This sect and the Free Masons amalgamated toward the end of

the seventeenth century. In 1717 the different lodges came together and elected a Grand Master, and thus was launched the greatest and most powerful secret organization the world has ever known.

And like all other anti-Christian organizations, it sees in the Catholic Church its chief enemy. "The Genius of Freemasonry (writes Brother Buck) and the Genius of Rome constitute the most complete antithesis possible to imagine." *The New Age*, organ of American Masonry, says (May, 1918): "Before the insistent liberty of today the Papal court stands condemned as practically the last autocracy left on earth." And Brother Pike: "With tongue and purse, with the press, and if needs be with the sword, we will advance the cause of human progress and labor to enfranchise human thought, to give freedom to the human conscience, above all from Papal usurpation."

We could fill this magazine with quotations similar to the above, proving from the statements of Masons themselves that they regard Catholicism as the enemy to be destroyed at all costs. No wonder that from the days of Clement XII (1738) to the present every Pontiff has either expressly anathematized Freemasonry or

condemned it directly or indirectly. No wonder Pius IX calls it "the Synagogue of Satan, which is arraying its army in opposition to the Church of Christ," and the "synthesis of all the heresies, and, as it were, the meeting together of all the powers of evil against those of God."

Much of the present trouble in Mexico dates from the recognition by President Wilson of the Masonic Carranza rather than Huerta, who remained loyal to the Catholic Faith. President Coolidge admitted that Obregon would have been overthrown, had not the United States supplied him with arms and money. These are but a few of the many landmarks in history which go to prove the truth of Father Cahill's statement that "Freemasonry is probably the most deadly enemy that God's Kingdom on earth has ever faced".

How is this conspiracy and menace to be met? Let Pope Leo XIII answer: "As it is a question of a sect which has invaded all domains, it is not enough to remain on the defensive. Catholics must descend courageously into the arena and combat it face to face. This you will do by opposing publications to publications, schools to schools . . . and action to action."

The Saints and Social Work

By MARY ELIZABETH WALSH, PH. D.

Condensed from the book of the same title

Modern philanthropy and Catholic charity are two very different things. The Church cannot accept the former as the equivalent of the latter. The Church cannot accept modern philanthropy as a satisfactory method of caring for the poor. Rather than do so, she has chosen to make the enormous effort necessary to set up her own system of charity.

Modern philanthropy and Catholic charity differ in their ideals. Philanthropy considers man in the light of human experience; charity views him in the light of faith.

The motives of modern philanthropy are purely human motives. At best, they rest on a natural and laudable human sympathy, a feeling of solidarity with the other social strata of society. At worst, they may rest on a calculating fear of revolt, unless the underprivileged classes are given at least the bare necessities.

The motive of Christian charity is love of God. To love our neighbor is to love God; for he is a part of the Mystical Body of

Christ. Too often we regard the words of our Lord, "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me," as merely a beautiful metaphor, whereas this is really a very accurate expression of the consequences of the union of the poor with Christ in the Mystical Body.

The Catholic is not satisfied with the mere distribution of alms or the mere performance of social case work. The motive must be right, or else these activities are not charity at all. It is possible to give generously yet lack charity. Such giving has little value in the eyes of the Church.

No one would go so far as to say that there should be absolutely no difference in method at all between the Catholic and the atheist in their treatment of the poor. At least the Catholic would take the trouble to verify the Baptisms and the validity of the marriages of his clients—things which would not interest the atheist. Yet, if no Catholic would admit an absolute identity of method between charity and philanthropy, it remains true that

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some would advocate a rather close similarity.

Trained, professional, Catholic social workers are the group who tend most strongly to adopt the methods of modern non-sectarian philanthropy. The curriculum of Catholic schools of social work tends to resemble that of other such schools. The graduates of these schools are accepted with equal facility by Catholic, and by non-sectarian agencies. Catholic social agencies, in turn, often accept graduates of non-sectarian schools. The organization and management of a Catholic social agency tends to parallel that of a non-sectarian agency of corresponding function. The daily routine of the workers in both agencies is likely to be much the same.

The other viewpoint is represented particularly by those religious communities whose work is among the poor. There can be no doubt at all that these communities differ sharply from the followers of modern philanthropy, not only in their motives but also in their methods. The whole manner of life of a Little Sister of the Poor is strikingly different from that of a social worker in a non-sectarian agency. The former is a nun who has cut herself off from the world about

her; she has formally devoted her life to a religious goal; she governs her relations to the poor by religious considerations at every point. On the other hand the non-Catholic social worker is a professional woman whose daily routine is as different as possible from that of the nun.

The question is not really, which is *right*, but rather, which is more *thoroughly Catholic*. For both methods are *right* in the sense that they are consistent with Catholic morality. At worst, it is certainly not morally wrong to adapt oneself to the legitimate methods of non-Catholic social work, so long as the intention is right. It is not wrong, but is it the ideal procedure?

We must turn to the lives of the saints to see the virtue of supernatural charity being carried out in everyday life. We can only guess what our Lord would do if He were living under modern conditions, but we can actually see what the modern saints and beati have done. Since the lives of these men and women have been approved by the Church as models of heroic charity, their example ought to show the social worker what supernatural charity to the poor should mean under modern conditions.

Since modern social work is a

reaction to the Industrial Revolution, and since the Industrial Revolution has brought many profound changes, it therefore seems necessary to limit the study to those saints who have lived since the establishment of the Industrial Revolution in Europe. This restricts our study to approximately the last one hundred years. There are twenty-five individuals within these limits.

A second criterion is that the subjects shall not have been martyrs. Martyrs are eliminated because they usually died in pagan lands where social conditions are not comparable to our own. Also, since martyrs are often canonized in groups, very often little information is available about each one.

Of the twenty-five, nine are saints and sixteen beati. Thirteen were men and twelve women. Eleven were Italian, ten French, two Spanish, one German, and one Austrian. Two of the women remained among the laity; the others all became priests or religious: some entered religious communities already existing, others founded new ones. Eight were definitely poor, six were wealthy; and eleven were of the middle class. In the latter group there were five who lived in the country on a modest

scale and might be classified as prosperous peasants.

We are dealing then, with a group of men and women who touched the busy life of modern industrialized Europe on many sides.

Nineteenth - century Europe and twentieth-century America both reflect the capitalistic economy which followed the Industrial Revolution. Both eras may be described as politically liberal. Both periods may be called nationalistic. Both show the influence of a scientific, intellectual atmosphere which inclines towards a naturalistic view of the universe.

On the other hand there are a number of differences. America has seen a further progress of the Industrial Revolution than had nineteenth-century Europe. Political liberalism in America has led to actual democratic government. Further, the application of scientific method to social work is new.

To be true to the example of the saints and to be thoroughly alive to modern developments of social science calls for intelligence, balanced judgment, and a spirit of humble faith.

The attitude of the modern social worker towards her client is a decided improvement over some

characteristics of old-fashioned philanthropy. As Bruno says, "The social worker shrinks from the use of any term which appears to place the blame for his condition upon the client."

Moreover social workers have emphasized a positive kindness in the treatment of their clients. Mary Richmond recommends a "fair and patient hearing", and a "sympathetic mutual understanding". The core of the case work method is individualization and respect for human personality.

However, we find that this kindness has certain limits. It is not carried to the extent of personal friendship, much less to the point of deep respect for the client. The social worker tries to maintain an attitude of objectivity, or scientific detachment.

There is still a consciousness of superiority felt by the worker, who aims to *rehabilitate the inadequate*. There is a certain condescension in the social worker-client relationship. The social worker is trying to bring the client up to her own level. Far different was the viewpoint of the saints and beati.

For example, St. Gabriel Possenti, in a letter to his father, wrote, "Christ has told us that whatever we do for the poor, He

considers as done for Himself. One of the greatest consolations at the hour of death will be to remember that you have never sent the poor from your door empty-handed."

Again, we have the words of St. Joseph Cottolengo, who said, "Be generous of heart and hand and abound much if you can; for who knows but that among the poor who present themselves, Jesus Christ may have been present in person already, or may be in the future? Consider in the poor the very person of Jesus and be sure that you will never be sorry for having helped them."

St. Mary Magdalen Postel says, "The poor, the infirm, are my friends, because they accompanied the Savior when He walked on the earth."

Whenever a particularly repulsive person was brought to St. Joseph Cottolengo, he would receive him at the door of the *Piccola Casa*, taking off his hat, as though in the presence of some great gentleman, and give the unfortunate one signs of deep affection and respect.

St. Madeleine Sophie Barat also showed this love and respect for the poor. One day a distinguished visitor asked for her while she was at prayer, but she declined to see the visitor. A mo-

ment afterwards, a coal heaver's daughter begged to see her, and she at once entered the parlor to talk with the child.

The twenty-five also stressed the fact that the poor should be given the very best that the giver had. The following is told of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat: "The sister at the head of the linen room complained that she gave away her best chemises, that they were too good. 'Too good!' she exclaimed, 'too good for the poor! Why my child, I would give them my skin if I could!'"

Not only did the saints and beati treat the poor with respect, but they loved them with a warm personal love, which was so intense that they were willing to make any sacrifice for them. A young man from Turin visited Blessed Francis of Camporosso at Genoa and found him distributing a part of his dinner to a poor decrepit old man.

St. John Baptist Vianney literally starved himself for the poor. He would give away his week's provision of food and retain only a few potatoes for himself. Blessed Peter Eymard would also give all the food he had in the house. His sister, who acted as housekeeper, related that if she wished to save anything, she

would have to hide it from her brother.

Not only did the twenty-five sacrifice their food to give it to the poor, but they also denied themselves in regard to clothing. On one occasion a poor person begged St. John Bosco to give him three francs to buy a shirt. The saint, looking in his purse, found it almost empty, so he gave the man his own clean shirt, which was lying on his bed. The man said, "What about you?" Don Bosco said, "Do not let it trouble you. Providence which provides for you today will provide for me tomorrow." The man falling on his knees said, "Oh, how much good a priest can do!"

The saints and beati endured many hardships for the sake of the poor. Blessed Joseph Cafasso used to work among the prisoners. When he returned from prison, he had to change every bit of his clothes, because he had accumulated vermin.

Not only did the twenty-five endure hardships, but they did not hesitate to expose themselves to contagion of all kinds. The Cure of Ars lingered by the side of many stricken with contagious diseases to take care of their spiritual needs. During an epidemic resembling influenza, Mother Pelletier visited the sick to speak

consoling words. In 1836, an epidemic of fever occurred among the sisters in France, and the Superior herself nursed them.

Another important characteristic of charity illustrated by the twenty-five is its universality. These people were charitable not only to their families and friends, but to strangers and enemies; not only to the virtuous, but also to evil-doers; not only to the deserving, but also to the undeserving. Their love embraced all classes, all races, and all nations. Blessed Anna Mary Taigi was most devoted to her parents, to her husband, her children, toward the poor, the sick, the dead, and sinners. She had a special love for her enemies and calumniators. When Anna Mary lived on the Corso, she had trouble with a woman who kept a lodging house across the street, and who persisted in calling her a witch, but she did not bear any resentment toward her.

Blessed Gemma Galgani had a special friendship with a woman who was leading an evil life. Gemma was ill at the time and her aunt sent her money to meet the necessities of her illness, but she unselfishly gave it to this woman to pay the rent of her house, so that she might not be tempted to further sin. Some of

the family complained of this to Gemma and she replied, "O then, perhaps the Magdalen was rejected by Jesus because she was a sinner? Let her come; who knows that we may not be able to do her some good? Do not take her from me, I implore you." Due to the devotion of Blessed Gemma, the woman reformed. St. John Bosco and Blessed Peter Eymard had a special devotion to cab drivers. They would give generous tips and warm meals to the drivers. Mother Pelletier was consumed with a zeal to convert all nations. She made the statement that she did not wish to consider herself French, but that her love embraced the entire world.

Modern philanthropy has never attained the intensity of Christian charity. A modern social worker with a naturalistic philosophy may occasionally give to the poor out of her own pocket, but she seldom rises to heroic sacrifice. Heroic generosity was the saints' daily routine.

The modern social worker seldom puts aside her consciousness of superiority over her client. She looks upon herself as well-balanced, competent, adjusted. Her client is inadequate, somehow a bit pathological. Social work, then, becomes the process

by which a normal person endeavors to draw an inadequate person up to her own level.

The saints show no traces of condescension towards poverty. To them poverty is not an unmixed evil. In the saints' eyes poverty has such real advantages that they all voluntarily embrace that state themselves. Thus there is no barrier of economic class between the saints and the poor. This makes possible not only friendship, but a deep, intense, personal love. Naturalistic social work, on the other hand, purposefully renounces this personal friendship and love in favor of an attitude of scientific detachment.

Naturalistic social work rests on a basis of philanthropic philosophy—an interest in the poor arising out of mere natural pity and kindness. But the love of the saints for the poor rests on something infinitely stronger, on the charity of Christ. The twenty-five burned with an intense charity towards their neighbors because their hearts had been kindled by the fiercely hot fire of God's love for man.

The standard of the average social worker in regard to her salary is that of most professional people. This implies, on the one hand, that money-making is not her primary objective. She is

willing to give more than value received in return for her salary. Some individual social workers, indeed, are willing to go further and contribute alms to the poor out of their own resources. The professional standard, however, does not regard such generous idealism as necessary.

The saints and beati were unanimous in stressing the practice of voluntary poverty for themselves. They did not attempt to force it on others, but they felt strongly that their own lives must have as a basis the spirit of self-sacrifice. They were people from many different walks in life and the works which they promoted differed in many respects. Yet they all insisted on voluntary poverty for themselves. It was not only the religious who practiced poverty; the lay members of the group were equally zealous in the practice. Blessed Gemma Galgani limited herself to two dresses, and was so poor that once in writing to her confessor, she had not even a postage stamp to use.

The practice of poverty was carried out regardless of the occupation of the members of the group. Blessed Joseph Cafasso was teaching in a seminary, but his professional dignity did not interfere with the example of

simple living that he set for his pupils. Blessed Anthony Giannelli, the Bishop of Bobbio, never threw away clothes until they were absolutely beyond repair.

The religious were careful, not only to practice poverty personally, but also in their communities and institutions. St. Mary Magdalen Postel founded a new religious community because existing communities were not poor enough to suit her.

St. Madeleine Sophie Barat was most anxious that her nuns should adhere strictly to the counsel of poverty; all the more so because the Sacred Heart Nuns were thrown into frequent contact with wealth and worldliness and she felt the true spirit of religion might be contaminated.

Not only did these people wish to practice poverty in their communities, but they themselves went much further in this practice than the rules required. Blessed Francis of Comporosso had to be forced to wear a new habit as an act of penance; and St. Conrad Birndorfer refused to have his cell repaired.

The saints and beati practiced poverty regardless of their own background and work and station in life. First of all, they denied themselves in regard to

food. St. John Bosco lived on the coarsest of food all during his life. His breakfast ordinarily was a small cup of chicory, to which he sometimes added a little milk. For many years, dinner consisted of soup, with one dish of another food. If invited out to dine, he managed to avoid the rich food by talking a great deal during the meal. His friends were careful not to visit him at meal times because they did not wish to do penance out of season. St. John Baptist Vianney saved time and trouble by cooking his frugal supply of food for the whole week. He then ate it cold the rest of the week.

The twenty-five also practiced poverty in their clothing. St. John Bosco wore second-hand clothing, similar to that sent to the Oratory for the use of the boys. On one occasion when he was going to visit a member of the nobility, he did not even have shoe strings, but was forced to use pieces of cord blackened with ink. St. John Vianney would give away his clothes to the poor, and keep the shabbiest things for himself.

The living quarters of the twenty-five illustrated the same love of poverty. The first Oratory established by St. John Bosco was located in Valdocco, one

of the worst slum sections in Turin. It was a miserable shed without any floor except the damp ground and it was infested with rats, but the saint was not discouraged. In fact, he was delighted because it was poor like the stable of Bethlehem.

The members of this group did not hesitate to do the most servile and humble of work. St. Conrad Birndorfer held the position of porter at the Capuchin Convent. St. Madeleine Sophie Barat did not despise doing farm work and even took care of the cows. St. Mary Magdalen Posstel and her nuns did heavy manual labor in the fields.

Thus it is evident that the saints and beati limited themselves very severely in their standard of living, and eliminated all possible luxuries and comforts from their lives. They were willing to deny themselves and lead a life of self-sacrifice. However, there was one way in which they did not hesitate to spend money, and that was for building churches. Since they were characterized by a deep love of God, they wished to pay Him the homage due to Him.

Although the twenty - five without exception, practiced voluntary poverty and recommended it to others, they did not try

to force other people to follow their example. This fact is most strikingly illustrated in the life of St. Madeleine Sophie Barat who permitted the girls attending her school to live in considerable luxury.

Thus, we see two views of life contrasted. The social worker is willing to do all that she can to help the poor in a very reasonable fashion, provided that it does not require great personal sacrifice on her own part. The saints, on the other hand, were willing to make the most heroic sacrifices since they worked for love of God, and obtained supernatural graces from Him.

The life of St. Mary Micaela Desmaisieres illustrates strikingly the incompatibility of a life of luxury with the highest type of Christian charity. St. Mary was born of an affluent and noble family and herself bore the title of Viscountess of Jorbalan. Like many fine ladies, she preferred in her early days to show her love for the poor in ways which did not greatly interfere with her own brilliant role in fashionable society. She was generous with her money and she was willing to visit the poor in person, but the thought of total surrender to the ideal of charity was repellent to her.

The Viscountess of Jorbalan, however, was honest with herself and in the long run she did not fail to see the inconsistency of this double standard. Little by little, and with the greatest reluctance, she began to get rid of her luxuries. It was only after many years of futile compromise that she finally made the complete surrender which Christ asked of her. She ruthlessly eliminated every trace of her old compromise, giving herself totally to the practice of poverty and the service of the poor. Thus the Viscountess of Jorbalan became St. Mary Micaela Desmaisieres!

Someone has said that the doubting Thomas furnishes a better proof of the Resurrection than the believing Peter. Similarly St. Mary Micaela Desmaisieres furnishes a better proof of the necessity of personal poverty than do those saints who accepted the ideal of poverty from the first. If there had been any way of combining heroic love of the poor with a life of comfort and luxury, she would certainly have discovered it! The fact that she could not discover a successful compromise is a fairly cogent proof that such a compromise is impossible.

Thus the saints and beati were able to solve the problem which

modern social work faces today. Their standard was the highest and best standard, and we should make a sincere effort to follow them. Of course, it is not easy to imitate the practices of the saints, but if we cannot do so we should have the courage to admit that their way is the right way. At least, we should be sufficiently honest not to make excuses. We should not state that their way would not work in the present century. We must give the saints credit for their heroism and for the excellence of their work. If we cannot follow them, it is because we are not sufficiently heroic.

The Catholic social worker who wishes to advance in Christian charity should realize that it is necessary for her to place much less emphasis on her professional rights, and a great deal more emphasis on the spirit of self-sacrifice.

The social worker has obligations of a particular sort. For the social worker represents, in a certain sense, the charity of the Church. As far as the individual client is concerned, Catholic charity succeeds or fails with her success or failure. So true is this that traditionally the care of the poor has been entrusted, not to lay persons primarily, but to per-

sons especially consecrated for the service of God—to the seven deacons in Apostolic times, to priests and religious in later centuries.

If the lay worker is to take

over some of the work of the religious, she must not do so in a narrow professional spirit. She must do so in the spirit of that self-sacrificing love which has characterized the saints.

ECCLESIASTICAL DEMOCRACY

The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic systems which then prevailed was that the men who were efficient instruments of government were drawn from the church—from that great Church, that body which we now distinguish from other church bodies as the Roman Catholic Church.

The Roman Catholic Church, then and now, was a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest, and no priest so obscure that he might not become Pope of Christendom, and every chancellery of Europe was ruled by those learned, trained and accomplished men—the priesthood of that great and then dominant church; and so what kept government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of the sap from the bottom, from the rank and file of the great body of the people, through the open channels of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

Woodrow Wilson.

Children and Saints

By NORBERT WENDELL, O. P.

Condensed from *Dominicana*

They used to play handball against the wall of his room. It was enough to try the patience of Job himself. But he didn't mind. As a matter of fact usually it was he who got them started. When the neighbors remonstrated with them and tried to put an end to their unendurable noise, the boys would run to Philip Neri for protection. "Let them grumble as much as they like, my dear boys," he would say, "go on and be as merry as you like; all I want is that you should not sin against God." "If only I can keep them from sin," he once told a mystified Roman gentleman, "they are welcome to chop wood on my back."

That was St. Philip Neri's attitude toward children—nor was he an exception. All the Saints loved children. Indeed this must be so; for the Saints and the little ones of Christ are essentially kindred spirits.

Nor does this love of children date, as some might suspect, from the time of Christ. Way back in the days of the Old Dispensation there is, for example, in the

book of Isaias the beautifully prophetic: "And a little child shall lead them."

But to return to the New Dispensation and lovable Philip Neri. This irrepressible Patron of the Eternal City had a particular and a powerful attraction for the young. It was he who organized their games, took part in them; and then when things were going smoothly he would quietly slip away to the shade and comparative solitude of a nearby tree there to meditate on the Passion of our Lord. If the boys called him, the good Father would leave his prayers and join their play. His Cardinal biographer says of him: "He would leave his meditation or anything else if his boys wanted to have him among them."

Not so very far from Rome in a little village near Turin, Philip Neri found his rival in one Don John Bosco, whose love for the young took a practical turn, and today as a result we have some nine thousand young men working in approximately seven hundred houses and institutions

*Dominican House of Studies, 487 Michigan Ave., N. E., Washington, D. C.
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mainly for the physical, intellectual and spiritual welfare of boys.

This organization came about in the following manner: Don Bosco befriended a young boy who had been struck by an officious sacristan. The following Sunday Don Bosco's little friend was back to see him, bringing along several of his companions. He came again and again, and each time there were new faces. Some of them were out and out rough-necks, but no matter—in fact so much the better could they use his kindness. Soon there were twenty, then thirty, then a hundred. Their first meetings were held in a small room; then they moved to a chapel. The noise was frightful. More than once the neighbors complained so vigorously that Bosco and his boys were forced to move. There were even those who seeing his love for unlovable and unloved children whispered that the humble priest was "crazy"; and at one time definite but unavailing steps were taken to put him in an asylum.

The rest of Don Bosco's story can be told very briefly in terms of brick and the Salesian Order. He saw the need of houses for the ever increasing number of boys, so he promptly put up buildings out of God knows

what; he saw too, the need of men to take care of his boys so he founded the Salesian Order in spite of God knows what. Lest girls should feel neglected it should be noted that Don Bosco helped to establish for their benefit the Congregation of Mary Help of Christians.

At the opening of the twentieth century we find on the Throne of the Fisherman one of the greatest friends of children that ever lived. Philip Neri gave children his heart; Don Bosco gave them buildings, institutions, education; all the saints gave them their love; but it remained for one Giuseppe Sarto, better known to all the world as Pius the Tenth, to give them God Himself in the Holy Eucharist. As he looks down now from "the nurseries of Heaven" (where Father Feeney consigns him) he must be happy in knowing that he has justly earned the love and gratitude of countless boys and girls into whose spotless lives he has introduced the Divine Playmate.

There remains, of course, the Saint of saints who was also the Child among children. He came into this world a tiny Babe, mothered by the sweetest, the loveliest creature God ever fashioned. "And she brought forth her first-

born son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn." He grew up, this Child of Mary's, just the same as any other child. But when He became a man He never forgot He had once been a child. He insist-

ed on telling those who had forgotten their childhood that "Unless you be converted, and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." That was God's way of coming to man, just as it is man's way of going to God.

AN ALPHABET OF PROVERBS

- A grain of prudence is worth a pound of craft.
- Boasters are cousins to liars.
- Confession of fault makes half amends.
- Denying a fault doubles it.
- Envy shooteth at others and woundeth herself.
- Foolish fears double danger.
- God reacheth us good things by our own hands.
- He has worked hard who has nothing to do.
- It costs more to revenge wrongs than to bear them.
- Joy is the price of sorrow.
- Knavery is the worst trade.
- Learning makes a man fit company for himself.
- Modesty is a guard to virtue.
- Not to hear conscience is a way to silence it.
- One hour today is two tomorrow.
- Pride goeth before destruction.
- Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep.
- Richest is he that wants least.
- Some faults indulged are little thieves that let in greater.
- Trees that bear most hang lowest.
- Upright walking is sure walking.
- Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter.
- Wise men increase their opportunities.
- XP (Christ) above all!
- You will never lose by doing a good turn.
- Zeal without knowledge is fire without light.

Burton Confrey.

Spain's "Lily of Israel"

By OWEN B. MAGUIRE

Condensed from *The Servite*

In honoring the Blessed Virgin by giving her name to children in baptism, Spain surpasses every other country.

In Spain it was one of my pleasures, to ask children for their names. Our devout cook at the old village inn had three young daughters: Pino, Concepcion, and Carmen—all Marias. I once walked out on a country road and met seven little girls perched on the stone fence to watch the strangers pass: six Marias and one Josefa. The very first family whose acquaintance I made in Spain had three daughters: Carmen, Pura, and Marquita.

This frequency of the name causes no confusion in the family, in school, or in society. For the manner in which the name is diversified into various forms, in order to have it repeated in the same family, is in itself a study in ingenuousness; and the happy custom will occasion in the same family in the course of the year the celebration of half a dozen feasts of the Blessed Virgin.

The many forms into which the name is diversified are the

various titles of our Blessed Mother derived from her numerous shrines, her feasts, her Litany, and from those Mysteries of the Redemption, in which she had so great a part. The name given in baptism is always Maria, followed by one of these titles in the Spanish genitive, as Maria del Carmen, Maria del Consuelo, Maria del la Concepcion (usually Concha or Conchita).

If you ask a Spanish child, known as Carmen, for instance, for her name, the answer will be, "Carmen—Maria del Carmen". This custom also explains why so many names in Spanish are masculine in form, as Consuelo, Amparo, Pino, Carmen, Pilar, etc. This reason was once prettily expressed to me by a Spanish mother in telling me why her daughter, who was born on June 21, was called Luisa, though she had hoped the birth to occur in July and to call the child Carmen: "I never deprive them of the day on which God sends them."

The feast of our Blessed Mother, and her prerogatives, too, afford more variety for bap-

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tismal names in Spain than they do in any other country; this because in addition to the common nomenclature for them, the Spaniards have one of their own. The Feast of the Annunciation, for instance, is generally known in Spain as La Fiesta de la Encarnacion. Hence, Encarnacion is frequently given to girls in baptism and to nuns in religious profession. So, too, the Immaculate Conception is known also as La Fiesta de la Purisima. Accordingly Pura, with its diminutive Purita, is a favorite name. It is not so common, however, as Concepcion. The diminutive of this name is not formed in the ordinary way. It is Concha, and, further, this has its own diminutive, Conchita.

Dolores, is, as everybody knows, a very common name in Spain; but it is not, I think, any more frequent than Soledad. It is by this title (literally, Solitude) that the Mother of Sorrows, Mater Do Lorosa, is generally known. It expresses, to the Spanish mind, the special sorrow of our Lady's life from the death of her Divine Son until her Assumption. Those who bear this name celebrate their Saint's Day on the Friday in Passion week, while those who bear the name Dolores celebrate on the Feast of

the Seven Dolores in September. The diminutive for Soledad is Sola and Solita; and for Dolores, Lola and Lolita.

Outside of Spain (and some parts of Portugal) the Holy Name is, from a sentiment of reverence, not given in baptism. In Spain the name is not infrequent, and is given to children of both sexes. In the case of girls called by this name, the name given in baptism is really Maria, namely, Maria de Jesus. Of course, no irreverence is intended, nor does any result. Much depends on custom and mentality. In Spain the Holy Name is a frequent exclamation, used as an interjection to express pain, sorrow, but especially surprise; and it is used in this way by the most pious persons. It is defined in this sense in the dictionary of the Spanish Academy. This recalls a little experience of mine which will illustrate both the use of the exclamation and the fact that no irreverence is intended.

A Spanish lady brought me her baby, six months old, for a blessing. "This," she said, "is my little Paco (Francisco). I have eight daughters and Paco is my only son; he was born when the youngest daughter was eight years old. I hope he will one day be a priest." "Well," I said, "I

hope so; and I hope also that Paco will be the first of seven sons." "Jesus! Jesus!" she exclaimed, looking up to heaven with tears of laughter in her eyes. Every morning when there was Mass in the oratory of the hotel, she was there with Paco in her arms that he might receive "the blessing of His Divine Majesty".

An experience which I had once on a beautiful summer afternoon in Spain remains as one of the most pleasant memories of my life. I was spending my vacation at a country village in one of the southern provinces. It was a delightful spot up in the mountains. I strolled out one afternoon for a walk taking a path which ran alongside an irrigation canal. Unexpectedly I ran upon a group of little girls at play. They had torn some branches from the trees, and dipping these in the waters of the canal, were chasing one another around the plateau to the refrain: "who will get wet first?" Soon one of them came running across the bridge to escape her pursuers. I put out my cane to stop her. She halted suddenly, still as a statue. My back was to the evening sun, and she was facing it. Large, lustrous eyes, eyebrows high and arched, hair, black as a raven's wing,

falling down the back in long, slightly twisted curls.

The combination of features recalled the spiritualized type of Jewish maiden comeliness. God forgive me if the thought was irreverence, but it came on me: whether the figure before me bore a resemblance to the chosen Spouse of the Holy Ghost, "The Lily of Israel," as she stood of a summer's evening at the age of eight or ten, on some hillside above Nazareth, with a prayer on her lips for the promised Redeemer.

To relieve the child of her embarrassment, I made some movement with my cane, and smiled to assure her that I would take part in the fun rather than stop it. She understood at once and answered with a smile which it would be hard to describe, but that I can never forget. I put out my hand, and she bent down reverently, but still smiling, and kissed my hand. This act of national reverence for the hand that touched El Santisimo showed that, notwithstanding the strange appearance of my garb, she had recognized the priest. As she raised her head our eyes met, and we knew we were friends.

"La nina de mi alma," I said —"the child of my soul is going to tell me her name." "Armada

de la Cruz," she answered, "para servir a Dois Usted"—"to serve God and your Grace."

"I never heard that name before," I said. "I don't know what it means. What name did they give you in baptism? Who is your Saint?" She had the answer for my question: "Amada, Maria Amada; and my Saint is la Virgen Amada, la Matre Amada; and they gave me this

name in baptism because I was born on the Holy Night, and my Saint's Day is the same Holy Night, the Night of la Madre Amada."

Little Amada had a reason, at once poetic, religious, and appropriate. She was born on the Holy Night—the night on which the "Beloved Mother", the Mater Amabilis, had given to a waiting world the longed-for Redeemer.

FASHIONS IN WEEPING

Cromwell was perpetually bursting into tears. He sniffed and rubbed his eyes to see Charles the king with his children. Tears rolled down his cheeks in prayer, and again in domestic bereavement. He was one of the great criers of history, an unfailing and repetitive, as it were, chain-weeper. Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Laureate, wept, or at least allowed the tears to gather to his eyes, at the prospect of stubble in the English country-side. Carlyle wept when he thought of his wife after her death, and his wife when she thought of Carlyle before it. Louis XVI wept because he was henpecked, and Louis XV because he had no such luck. But Louis XVIII, if he wept at all, wept only through the excruciating agony of the gout.

With all this mass of example behind you, may you not conclude that the new-fangled fashion of swallowing one's tears and restraining one's sorrow, and of affecting a stony countenance, has no long life before it?

Hilaire Belloc.

Pope Pius XI and Social Justice

By FATHER COUGHLIN

Condensed from *Social Justice*

Pius XI, the 261st Pope, will be remembered as the first of the successors of Peter to combat openly the anti-Christ of Communism, a heresy so strong today mainly because it has had two centuries of preparation.

In the 18th century Voltaire proposed a species of materialism known as rationalism. He taught that reason alone without the aid of divine revelation was sufficient to work out the destiny of man. To him the test tube was more potent than the Bible; the laboratory more efficient than the pulpit; and the market place more cultured than the monastery.

Then came Immanuel Kant. With superb logic he raised to the dignity of a philosophical system the teachings of Voltaire and of the lesser lights who had preceded him.

"If there is no such thing as religious faith; if progress, morality and culture depend upon reason alone; and if this reason is unable to prove with mathematical certainty the existence of God, of heaven, of hell and of all those things which faith alone can certify to us without any dan-

ger of contradiction, then it follows that, as far as the human mind is concerned, such realities as God and the Blessed Trinity have no real existence except in the mind."

Kant's system did not spring into immediate being. It had many heraldings: the errors of Humanism which characterized the time of Leo X; the decay of morals in the days of Alexander VI; the revolution launched by Martin Luther who first enunciated that "faith alone is necessary for salvation".

While usury had been excoriated by Christ who drove the money changers from the temple, and later on, by Pius II who condemned it, as did Julius II, Innocent X, Leo XIII and many councils of the Church, nevertheless, Protestant theology which at least indirectly substantiated the morality of usury, made the practice orthodox throughout Christendom.

All during the succeeding centuries the tide of Christianity ebbed and flowed. It appeared, however, that the advantage favored Christianity until Karl Marx be-

gan to follow the trend of Kantian idealism to its logical end. This he did by proclaiming to the world that faith without good works is mere hypocrisy, and by professing to his followers that if only those things have reality which exists within the mind, then God, who exists outside the mind, has no reality. With one rapier thrust of logic, Marx scuttled the Kantian fiction of heaven, of immortality, of sin and of religion. His diabolical consequences followed orderly when he advocated the abolition of churches and all their paraphernalia, of priests and all their preachers.

Meanwhile, spirituality had been mortally wounded, and the gross carcass of materiality waxed fat and luxurious. Meanwhile, Fulton and Arkwright transformed the face of the physical world. Their inventions made it possible for the rapid creation of wealth and rendered it hopeful for the abolition of poverty. The face of the earth indeed was transformed. The ox-cart gave way to the locomotive. The trail of the deer through virgin forests melted into concrete highways through populous districts. The tom-tom drum of the Indian warrior surrendered its usage to the inventions of Bell, of Morse

and of Marconi. The salvation of the immortal soul became of secondary importance to the prosperity of the physical body.

In Germany, Father Von Kettler raised his voice against the inroads which this materialism was making. He expostulated with the wealthy manufacturers and mine-owners. He begged them to pay a living wage to the laborer, and to share their wealth equitably and by a reasonable method with those whom they were exploiting.

Then came Leo XIII to condemn, ex-officio, the errors of so-called Socialism, which embraced our concept of Communism, of materialism and of Kantian idealism. In his *Rerum Novarum*, it was he who sounded the call to arms, as he pleaded with patriarchs, bishops, priests and laity to bend every effort to stem the tide of this new heresy which embraced every ancient heresy.

Forty and more years have passed since those days. *Rerum Novarum* had grown dusty upon the shelves of libraries. Communism had grown apace in proportion to the greed, the selfishness, the usury and the materialism which disgraced the age that produced the World War. Eventually came Pius XI to fulfill his function in the economy of

history. He, too, issued a call to arms in *Quadragesimo Anno*, a document which will be remembered until the end of time.

In that document, Pius XI, first of all, approved of everything that Leo XIII had advocated in *Rerum Novarum*. Next, he castigated modern capitalism for six tangible reasons: (1) It concentrated wealth in the hands of a few. (2) Its mass production methods created mass poverty. (3) It failed to pay decent wages to the laborer. (4) It dominated the entire sphere of economics for the benefit of an invisible government. (5) It reached out to capture the prerogatives of sovereign states. (6) Moreover, it unfurled its colorless international flag to gain domination over the entire world, while it protected a group of international bankers. These financial barons issued and controlled money and credit for their own welfare and opposed the Christian doctrine that some things, by their very nature, should be owned and controlled by the state. Chief of these is the issuance of money.

Pius XI reiterated what every saintly man had stated when confronted with a problem to solve or a disease to destroy. He advocated the removal of the

causes of Communism which were found chiefly in the errors of modern capitalism, and in the sophistries and heresies contradicting the Christian Faith.

He witnessed the red serpent of Communism dominating Russia. His heart bled to see its advance in the Catholic country of Mexico, and that same heart broke as he lived through the hectic days of Communism which have written the recent history of Spain.

He recognized that the evils of modern capitalism must be stamped out if men are to be won back to Christianity and the Church. Indirectly, but clearly, he stated in *Quadragesimo Anno* that the control of money and credit must be taken out of the hands of the few who now possess it.

The name of Pius XI will never be erased. In the scroll of time he is going to join a Peter who defied a Nero, a Gregory who opposed an Attila,^a a Pius VII who fought a Napoleon. With Leo XIII he will always be remembered as that most eminent Pontiff who, under the direction of the Holy Ghost, opposed an enemy more virulent than ten thousand Napoleons, Attilas and Neros combined—the enemy of the Red serpent.

"An Eye For An Eye?"

By ELIGIUS WEIR, O. F. M.

Condensed from *Extension Magazine*

Father Luke Delmege, in the novel by Canon Sheehan, hastened, to console an Irishman who had just been sentenced to die on the gallows. The unfortunate man was still in shock from the sad news. Father Luke was calm in admonishing the condemned man to make his peace with God. As the time of execution drew near, the Irishman became more resigned and Father Luke more disturbed. On the way to the gallows Father Luke was supported by the Irishman, who tried to keep up the priest's courage with the words: "Brace up, Father, it will soon be over."

Prison chaplains, who walk the last mile with condemned men, can well sympathize with Father Luke. The chaplain spends long and painful hours in the death cell with the condemned. He watches and prays with him; he listens repeatedly to the condemned man's life story; he sees him bound and masked and led to the electric appliances, hears his last words and beholds the human body writhe as the powerful current

of electricity passes through it. The sight is ghastly. The acrid odor of burning flesh is perceived, and the lifeless corpse is removed.

It is not death itself which is so terrifying. We witness death in hospital beds, on the operating table, in accidents, and even by the hand of a suicide without experiencing any serious reaction. It is the barbarity of execution that makes it so terrible, and, strange enough, this barbarity is a sign of our civilization.

Severity and inevitability of punishment has always been believed to be the best protection for the State against the criminal. Yet, crime marches on. Police and detective are kept constantly busy, while the courts are forced to work overtime in an effort to drive crime out of the land. Methods as old as the human race have been constantly employed with the result that crime is not stemmed but is constantly on the increase.

As a deterrent from crime, the practice of executing criminals

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is overestimated. Those who are not disposed to commit murder need no deterrent; and those who are disposed, if they are at all conscious of the penalty, will take sufficient precaution to avoid detection. This is actually done because the greater majority of murderers are never detected. Murders who take their victims for a "one-way ride", and professional men who make their living by murder, are diabolically clever enough to cover up their tracks. The cold-blooded murderer is very seldom apprehended. The executed are usually those who are guilty of an unpremeditated murder. The murderers in holdups are generally of this class. They do not anticipate resistance on the part of their victim and would rather escape without injury to him, if possible, because murder brings the "profession" of the robber into greater public odium. Extreme fear at the sight of resistance on the part of the victim occasions violence, for which there is no excuse but only an explanation.

Compared with life imprisonment which is a living death, capital punishment is more humane toward the malefactor. It specifies the exact time when the criminal is to die, it gives him ample

time to prepare himself to meet the divine Judge. Whereas, if given life imprisonment in surroundings conducive to despair rather than to hope, he is very apt, like many of his fellowmen, to postpone too long the one necessary thing. If it were not for the natural instinct of man to preserve life, the condemned man would welcome death in preference to a life of misery and disgrace. Execution is quickly carried out, but life imprisonment is an extremely long penance. Many convicts expose their lives to imminent danger by attempting most daring escapes, thereby showing that they prefer death to loss of liberty. Life is sweet, it is true, but in every human heart re-echoes those memorable words: "Give me liberty or give me death."

Physicians are often obliged to turn their mistakes over to undertakers because they cannot be corrected. Courts can and do make mistakes, and when the execution has been enacted, corrections is impossible and then their only consolation is that God permits evil that good may result. Some years ago in Chicago a man was condemned, to "be hanged by the neck until dead". An hour before the time set for execution, his sentence was com-

muted to life imprisonment. In less than a year it was proved to the satisfaction of the court that the man was totally innocent of the crime and he was set at liberty. Those buried in prisons can emerge, but we will have to wait until doomsday for the graves to give up their dead.

In some counties it is easier to obtain the death verdict than in others. Smaller towns are more apt to demand it than larger cities, because the sentiment against the crime runs higher among the people. Only a few years ago, in one of our sparsely populated counties, a boy fifteen years of age, who in his lifetime had received no moral training, had never heard of God, and had never been inside a church, was sentenced to die for committing murder during a robbery. No excuses could be offered for his crime except that he was let grow up like a savage. A last minute commutation from the governor stayed the execution. A refusal to commute the sentence would have left an everlasting stigma on the otherwise good name of the State.

The practice of executing malefactors tends to have a demoralizing effect on our people. In England, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, people

developed a passion for witnessing public executions and made seating reservations long in advance. During the French Revolution women daily attended the scaffold and took their knitting along. A similar mania is developing in America. The large number of spectators today at an execution and many petitions requesting the "favor" of being present, betray a morbid curiosity that is unbecoming a civilized people. Because of this demoralizing effect on society, the expediency of capital punishment may well be called into question. The very thought of this form of punishment is repulsive to the generality of mankind. In its sixty-sixth annual conference in Chicago, Illinois, September, 1936, the American Prison Association, which represents people from all parts of the United States, Canada, and Mexico, went on record as being opposed to any form of public execution.

The best moralists admit the right of the State to inflict capital punishment. It is difficult, however, to understand its necessity or even its expediency in our day. It was commanded in the Old Law by God Himself. It has been practiced by all nations at all times, and no less an authority than St. Thomas says in his

Summa (2, 2, Q 64): "To kill a malefactor is lawful in so far as it is ordained to the common good . . . The care of the community is committed to those having public authority and hence for them alone, it is permitted to kill malefactors, not to private persons." The Church, the divinely appointed guardian of morals, has never denied the right of the State to inflict capital punishment.

The necessity of capital punishment would be evident if that were the only means at the disposal of society to protect itself from the malefactor.

If capital punishment is considered the only solution of the problem, then give it a fair trial in this country. Administer it in every case, no matter what the guilty person's sex, station, or education may be, and inside of a few years capital punishment will be entirely abolished.

Nobody knew the Law better

and loved justice more than our Divine Saviour; and, strange as it seems, we find Him not condemning those whom the Law condemns, but rather those who trusted in themselves as just and despised others. He invited those who were without sin to cast the first stone at the adulterous woman who, according to the Law, should have been stoned to death. We all know from the Gospel how many were left when the unjust departed. He permitted Barrabas, the murderer, to be chosen in preference to Himself, permitted his life to be spared, and his liberty granted. He died instead of Barrabas and also for him. He did not spare the lives of the two thieves, but He Himself died between them for their salvation and for ours. No one was ever sorry for showing Christian mercy, but many have regretted that they demanded strict justice.

History Repeats Errors

Nine of ten of what we call new ideas are simply old mistakes. The Catholic Church has for one of her chief duties that of preventing people from making old mistakes; from making them over and over again forever, as people always do if they are left to themselves.

G. K. Chesterton.

Corporatism In Italy

By JAMES F. MEENAN

Condensed from *The Irish Monthly*

Some years ago Italy was undergoing a period of crisis and was dissolving into a number of leagues and syndicates, each formed to defend the particular interests of their members. According to Signor Rocco, now Minister for Justice in Italy, (writing in 1920) the syndicates are careless of the effect of their actions upon the general good of the State. They defend their political and economic interests by physical force while the State, bound by the liberal doctrine of non-interference, looks on with indifference at their battles. This inactivity is interpreted as impotence, and individuals and classes are driven to arm themselves in their own defense and take upon themselves State functions, such as impeding the movement of troops and fixing, by strikes, the rates of pay in the public services. The law of demand and supply is in abeyance and is replaced by the fighting prowess of the various factions or syndicates.

The modern liberal State is indifferent to the rise of syndicates of employers and work-

men, founded to defend the interests of each class. According to the Fascist theory the State cannot suppress the syndicates. It must therefore absorb them and make them its organs. "Above all, it is necessary to transform them from instruments of defense for particular interests into organs of collaboration for the achievement of common ends."

The whole theory of Fascism rests upon the subordination of the interests of individuals to the higher interests of the State. The first declaration in the Labor Charter of 1927 enunciates that "The Italian Nation is an organism having ends, a life and means superior in power and duration to the single individuals or groups of individuals composing it. It is a moral, political and economic unit which finds its integral realization in the Fascist State." Mussolini has coined the phrase "Everything in the State, all for the State, nothing outside or against the State."

It follows from this postulate that the State must control the economic activity of all its sub-

jects. It must have full power over every producer, be he an employer or an employee. In that case it is necessary to have syndicates. The Fascist syndicates are controlled by the State and set up by it, under the syndical law of April, 1926. They are not mixed syndicates; they are composed of workers only or of employers only, and are given by law the power to represent all the workers or employers engaged in the particular occupation for which the syndicate is established.

The bargaining over wages is carried out collectively between the syndicate of workers and the syndicate of employers, and the contract once reached is binding upon all in that occupation, be they members of the syndicate or not. These contracts are enforced by a system of Labor Courts which was set up and instituted by the same law. Alleged infringements of the contracts are enforced by these courts where the contracting syndicates, not the individuals who may have been the original parties to the dispute, are the opponents. It should be noted that according to the letter of the law recourse to these courts, in default of settlement by conciliation, is obligatory. The parties, if there is a

dispute over wages, cannot fight it out by the time-honored weapon of the strike. The strike is made illegal and is punishable by the most severe penalties. And, when recourse is had to the courts and judgment is given, that judgment must be accepted by both parties. These Labor Courts have another function which is of equal importance—they supervise the renewal of the contracts when their period of validity has expired. To aid the courts in this matter a special statistical bureau, with a number of provincial branches, has been established, and the Labor judges are bound to accept the statistics furnished by them and to be guided by them in wage-fixing. All are bound to accept the new rates fixed by the Courts.

Far-reaching as these measures may be, it will be seen that in the present syndical system the alignment of the class war remains. It is here that Fascism introduces the corporative principle and the system of Corporations. One point should at once be made clear. The corporative principle entails the cessation of class warfare; it substitutes the antagonism of classes by their collaboration. But in Italy that collaboration of classes is built upon their common subjection to the inter-

ests of the State. "The interests of production," the Labor Charter declares, "are national interests"—and in modern Italy that implies that the State will interest itself in every branch of production.

There are in all 35 Corporations, which are organized for the greater branches of production and based on the productive cycle, that is to say, the corporation, *e. g.*, of timber, would contain representatives of every occupation dealing in timber from afforestation experts to furniture makers. They are composed of an equal number of representatives of employers and workers with a certain number of representatives of the Fascist party. They differ sharply from the syndicates in their powers and in their functions. The syndicates are formed by individuals and enjoy certain powers delegated to them by the State. The Corporations, on the other hand, are set up by the State and they have no existence apart from the State in the sense that they are set up as advisory bodies.

There is the same contrast between the syndicates and the Corporations in the nature of their respective functions. The syndicate concerns itself with the more immediate, if the term

be permitted, questions of labor, such as wages, working conditions, unemployment relief and so on. The aims of the Corporations are less immediate. They have for their first objective the drawing together of employers and workers by means of which it is hoped that class warfare will be ended. Secondly, the Corporation must defend the interests of its own branch of production. Thirdly, it must guard over the future of production, to develop and increase it, to guard against abuses, and to foresee and provide for, so far as is possible, future changes.

The powers of the Corporations are not clearly defined, and perhaps are not the less extensive for being left so. On matters which concern its category, its opinion must be obtained by the Government—but it should be said at once that there is nothing which compels the Government to take the advice so given. Secondly, in each Corporation a special committee has been set up for the conciliation of labor disputes between syndicates. Finally, the Corporations have the power to supervise the collective contracts made by the syndicates and to revise them in harmony with the general trend of production. It is really rather difficult

to estimate with any exactitude the scope of these powers as the Corporations were not set up until June, 1934, and their subsequent operation has been hindered by the necessities of the Abyssinian War and the anti-sanc-tionist campaign.

Such, then, is the machinery of the Corporate State as it has been organized in Italy. But it would be most misleading if I were to leave you under the impression that the Italian form of corporative organization is necessarily that which must be followed elsewhere, still more if the impression were to be left in anybody's mind that it is the form, the one form, which has been commended in *Quadragesimo Anno*. I should repeat that the Italian and syndical and corporative organization is set up by the State for the State. Mussolini has said "syndicalism in Fascist Italy can have no other end than to serve the interests of the

State". Let me say once again that in Italy the expression "The State" means the Fascist party. Thus no person can become a member of the syndicate without taking an oath of loyalty to the Fascist *regime*, which in Italy is a dictatorship. It has, at present, the approval of the people; it has not always enjoyed that approval, nor may it always enjoy it.

The final point which I wish to make is that the Italian corporative system does not fulfil the essential postulate of the true corporate principle—that the State should delegate its authority to free associations of workers and employers. In Italy, under a guise of delegation, the authority of the State is increased, and therein, it may be suggested, lies a danger which must be faced by supporters of the corporative system—that the corporative system affords extraordinary opportunities to dictatorships.

MEN AND ANIMALS

When a hunted deer runs for safeguard amongst the rest of the herd, they will not admit him to their company, but beat him off with their horns out of principles of self-preservation. So hard it is for man or beast in misery to find a faithful friend.

Thomas Fuller.

Mental Dishonesty

Condensed from *The Rock*

An evil which is bad enough in itself proves to be more serious when it is seen as the symptom of a greater disorder. That is why substituting of propaganda for news in most newspapers is alarming for it indicates that dishonesty is either taken for granted or accepted as unavoidable.

Propaganda in the news is certainly no new thing; Dr. Johnson used to summarize parliamentary reports in such a way that "the Whig dogs did not get the best of it". But that is a long way removed from the highly developed art of propaganda in our day.

When the war came it was apparently by tacit agreement that the newspapers employed a new form of propaganda, which in the reporting of the Civil War in Spain can be seen in full swing. The most striking feature of that war from the point of view of other nations has been the way in which the press had reported the news of it. Until it seemed likely that the Red party in Spain was going to be defeated, almost the whole weight of the English press was thrown on its side, and in a way that showed us modern

propaganda brought to a fine art. Probably every editor could put his hand on his heart and declare that he had not consciously allowed a single item of false news to appear. Present-day methods make falsehood unnecessary—everything can be done by suggestion and suppression. So we saw the Reds called "patriots", and those who were fighting for the people's liberties "rebels", or "fascists". When a traitorous government had handed over the rule of the country to extremists, who burned and looted and murdered, they still remained "the elected representatives of the people", and when murder and savagery were the order of the day those who perpetrated them were "defending democracy". When there was mention of a "dictator" it was understood that this always referred to Mussolini or Hitler, but never to Stalin.

When hundreds of eye-witnesses told dreadful stories of atrocities, these stories were blandly denied. The usual reason for denying them was because "we heard the same kind of stories told about Russia"—the fact that the stories about Russia

were also true evidently did not matter. "I dismiss as inventions the tales of atrocities on nuns and priests", wrote H. N. Brailsford in *Reynold's News*, ignoring the fact that it is an honest journalist's duty to the public not to "dismiss" widespread stories of brutality without first seeing if they are true.

Alternatively, the atrocities were excused on the ground that "violence cannot be checked in time of war"—ignoring again the fact that the failure to check violence was the cause and not the consequence of this particular war. Still another excuse for these atrocities were the stories of deeds of violence done by the White army—this being considered a full justification for the torture and wholesale slaughter of civilians by other civilians who happened to be supporters of the "democratic" government. Most papers just suppressed the stories of atrocities, or announced them as "unconfirmed reports" or as news "from a rebel source"—the supposition being that this was altogether unreliable as compared with news from a Communist source. But if ever a story that was hostile to the White army came through, no mention of its source was necessary, and the only doubt was whether it should

be given a four-column or a mere two-column heading.

The newspaper campaign for "neutrality" in this war was carried on similar lines. Columns were filled with accusations about German and Italian lack of enthusiasm for neutrality, but nothing was said about Russia's bloodthirsty propaganda on the air every night. When Governments that could only speak for the neutrality of governments and government departments readily promised neutrality, newspapers were loud-voiced in their indignation of the governments of totalitarian states that they were not equally glib in their promises. Papers that a year ago were violent in their accusations that the French nation was not true to its promise of enforcing sanctions against Italy, were now ready to believe that it was observing scrupulously a neutrality which several of its cabinet ministers denounced.

Newspapers, obviously, could not act in this way if there were not a large body of public opinion prepared to tolerate dishonesty. It is a deplorable, though undeniable, fact that this toleration of dishonesty—mental dishonesty we prefer to call it—is widespread. What is its origin?

Many lay the blame on political

leaders, and to the insincerity of election speeches. But it would be unfair to lay all the blame for mental dishonesty on the politicians. The dishonesty campaign that has gone on for years against religion in the name of history is now producing its inevitable result in the corruption of the public mind in its attitude towards truth. For many years those men who occupied chairs of history remained silent when they saw popular manuals of history in which truth was replaced by prejudice. For years men of science have remained silent while the very name of science was being dishonoured to serve anti-religious prejudice, and wild hypothesis was allowed to go forward as proved scientific fact. One could only gasp with amazement at the way in which, for instance, the theory of evolution was made to appear reasonable by scientific "proofs" which are more fantastic than fairy-tales, and the way in which the origin of the world was "explained" by ludicrous flights of the imagination. The public cannot be fed with dishonest history and dishonest pseudo-science without a habit of dishonesty being created.

But in apportioning some of the blame to unprincipled politi-

cal leaders and to irresponsible teachers of history and science, we have not yet got to the real sowers of dishonest thinking. We have got to go back to the "Reformation", when the rejection of truth meant the rejection of sound methods of thinking. No distance of time can make this revolt against Christian faith anything but the disastrous beginning of a whole succession of evils. When men were accepted as "Reformers" whose own lives were in greater need of reformation than anything they attacked, when Christian teaching on monastic celibacy was attacked in order to provide a pretext for the looting of Church property, and when the authority of the papacy was assailed so that a royal profligate should have free scope for his lusts, honest thinking was being rudely assailed by those who claimed to be guides in the honest pursuit of truth. The consequence of this cynical disregard for what was true has been a long course of mental dishonesty.

When there is not a fundamental respect for truth in public affairs, the basis of society is undermined and the very existence of civilization is threatened. That is the condition of things at the present day. The hope of the world is in the rise of states

based on sound principles conformable to Catholic teaching. These states are struggling for existence in a hostile atmosphere, and the strength of other nations

is united against them. The question of their survival may well be the subject of the next war, and on its issue the fate of our civilization will hang.

INWARD TIME

One perceives, more or less clearly, the changes in the value of physical time, which occur in the course of one's life. The days of our childhood seemed very slow, and those of our maturity are disconcertingly rapid. Possibly we experience this feeling because we unconsciously place physical time in the frame of our duration. And, naturally, physical time seems to vary inversely to it. The rhythm of our duration slows down progressively. Physical time glides along at a uniform rate. It is like a large river flowing through a plain. At the dawn of his life, man briskly runs along the bank. And he goes faster than the stream. Toward midday, his pace slackens. The waters now glide as speedily as he walks. When night falls, man is tired. The stream accelerates the swiftness of its flow. Man drops far behind. Then he stops, and lies down forever. And the river inexorably continues on its course.

Alexis Carrel.

The Two Emperors

By JAMES BRODRICK

Condensed from *The Month*

"These men all act contrary to the decrees of Caesar, saying that there is another Emperor, one Jesus." (Acts of the Apostles xvii, 7.)

The hearty optimists of steam and free trade felt so sure of Clio that they gave her a new name. History, they said, was progress. It was a lie that Clio repeated herself, a calumny on a good woman who had an infinite score of new blessings for mankind in her cornucopia. But that age of confidence is over. This is the age of disillusion, and Clio by all tokens is in an uncommonly repetitive mood.

So swiftly did the Roman Empire become bureaucratized that by the time of Trajan, early in the second century, "already one might almost say that a paving-stone in the provinces could not be disturbed without a petition to Rome." In the famous correspondence between the Emperor and his legate, Pliny, we read that permission to organize even such an innocent and necessary unit as a fire-brigade was bluntly refused, so suspicious was the government of associations. All clubs had to be registered and their activities were kept under

closest surveillance. Gradually over the whole empire there was spread a network of spies and secret police, the OGPU and Gestapo of those days, until, in the third century, not even the name of freedom remained.

But the parallels between ancient and modern Totalitarian States do not stop here. The Roman Empire also had its "Youth Movement", developed in the *collegia juvenum* which, during the Flavian period, spread all over the West as seminaries for Rome's future soldiers. Again, there was the deliberate organization of mass sentiment, though this, in the absence of the radio, never attained its modern proportions. Poets, historians and rhetoricians were the Emperor's loud-speakers, assisted on occasions of State ceremony by a huge and well-drilled *claque* of the Roman proletariat. Such parallels, however, are not of much consequence, and the really disquieting feature common to Totalitarian States both ancient and

Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., 31 Farm St., Berkeley Square, W. 1, London,
England. Dec., 1936.

modern is to be seen in their enlistment of religion as a buttress of absolutism.

In the modern Totalitarian State there may be no explicit counterparts of those ancient developments, but similar habits of mind are undoubtedly in operation. Herr Hitler has not yet been promoted to divinity, but his "Youth-Leader", Herr Baldur von Schirach, persistently associates him with God. Again and again the youth of Germany have it dinned into them that "Hitler and God", always in that order, are to be the sole objects of their allegiance. Before the Totalitarian State came into being, Catholics in Germany were accustomed to say "Gruss Gott" when they met. Now they are obliged to say "Heil Hitler" instead. Long ago in Rome a man was fined heavily because, without the least disrespectful intention, he had sold among other effects a small statue of Augustus.

In Germany today a man would go to prison if he pawned a picture of the Fuhrer. The citizens of Cyzicus, in the time of Augustus, were deprived of their municipal privileges because they neglected to celebrate the Emperor's birthday. Only a few weeks ago, a German parish

priest was given a heavy sentence because he forgot to run up a flag on his church tower in honor of Hitler's birthday. The solemn apotheosis of dead emperors, heroes or favorites, and annual religious festivals in their honor, were common features of ancient Totalitarianism. They are also features of Totalitarianism today, as witness the stately pagan ritual of the ceremonies in honor of the Nazis who perished in the Munich Putsch of 1923, or, better still the cult of the embalmed Lenin which the Communists practice with a fervor unsurpassed in the whole annals of idolatry.

The attitude of the Roman Emperors to the imperial cult varied considerably. Augustus and his successor, Tiberius, showed a certain reserve, and Vespasian was openly flippant about the subject, but less balanced men, such as Caligula and Domitian, took it very seriously. Caligula demanded and was accorded divine honors throughout the Empire, and Domitian caused his edicts to be subscribed as emanating from "our Lord and God". Later Emperors of more statesmanlike mould fostered the cult for its political value, whatever they may have privately thought of their own divinity.

The attitude of the early Christian Church to the imperial cult explains the long history of her sorrows, for it classed her children immediately as traitors, against whom proceedings could be taken for no other crime than the name which they bore. The first pagan to mention the Christians is witness of the fact. He was the younger Pliny, the Church's earliest martyrologist. Large numbers of men and women had been denounced to him as Christians, he reported to Trajan from Bithynia. To find out whether the charge was true he submitted the accused to a three-fold test. First, they were required to repeat after him a formula of prayer to the pagan gods; then he commanded them to offer incense and wine before a statue of Trajan and other images which, he says, "I caused to be brought forward for this purpose," and, finally, he bade them curse Christ, "which those who are really Christians cannot be induced to do."

At Smyrna, in the year 156, a magnificent religious festival was organized in the amphitheatre to celebrate the birthday of the Emperor Antoninus Pius. As was usual, part of the ceremony consisted in the public massacre of many Christians who had refus-

ed to sacrifice to the Emperor's divinity. At the end of the show the mob shouted for Polycarp, the aged Bishop of Smyrna, a man of such lovable character that even his pagan captors regretted having to arrest him. Placed in the amphitheatre with the howling mob all around, he was urged and almost implored by the pro-consul to curse Christ and sacrifice to the Emperor, for the official would gladly have spared such a venerable old man "Six and eighty years have I served Him," was the immortal answer, "and never once did He do me wrong. How can I blaspheme my Emperor who saved me?" He was condemned to be burned alive for thus flouting the Totalitarian State and he died blessing God that he had been deemed worthy to suffer for His honor.

Among other martyrs, equally victims to the Moloch of State Absolutism, were St. Perpetua and her companions. They died, as Perpetua mentions more than once in her exquisite prison diary, "on Caesar's birthday", that Caesar being Septimius Severus.

One feature of the acts of the martyrs which cannot fail to impress anyone who studies them, is the extraordinary serenity and

even joyousness of the victims. The Christians' serenity, however, did not, as is sometimes pretended, render them indifferent to the fate of the Roman Empire, or disrespectful to its rulers. St. Peter bade his converts to "honor the Emperor" when the profligate monster Nero bore the title; and St. Paul, himself a Roman citizen and proud of it, respected the great Empire as the instrument of God for the restraint of the powers of evil.

Tertullian described the Emperor as "second only to God", and testified that the Christians "ever pray to God for all the Emperors, for length of life to them, for the safety of the Empire, for the protection of the royal household, for bravery in the army, loyalty in the Senate and virtue among the people, for peace throughout the world, for whatever, in short, as man or

Emperor, a Caesar could desire." No doubt, if there had been a Liberal and Labor Party in those days they would have denounced the Church as a supporter of the Totalitarian State. They do so today when her attitude is just the same, when she loyally renders to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, but in the teeth of all Caesarianism resolutely maintains the paramount rights of another Emperor, one Jesus.

Well, the Church need not worry much about such attacks nor about Nazi or Communist oppression. They are not new things in her experience. Right at the beginning, the great martyr St. Ignatius of Antioch had exhorted his disciple, St. Polycarp, to be as an anvil ready for the blows of the hammer. The Church is an anvil that has worn out many hammers.

REAL MISFORTUNE

While Athens was governed by thirty tyrants, Socrates, the philosopher, was ordered to assist in seizing on Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put to death that they might enjoy his wealth. But Socrates positively refused, saying: "I will not willingly assist in any unjust act." "Dost thou think," said one of the tyrants, "to talk in this high tone and not be punished?" "Far from it," replied Socrates, "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to act unjustly."

Property and Catholic Morals

By ERIC GILL

Condensed from *The American Review*

Christians have always defended private property as a natural human right. Popes have thundered from Vatican Olympia. The clergy have more or less timidly echoed papal thunders. The anti-communist cry has rattled round the sultry sky of modern politics; and, because the lightning and the thunder came from Rome, it has, by a natural association of ideas, seemed to be primarily a moral question. The human right to private property was assumed to be a moral right; we have seemed to make it simply a matter of morals, a matter of good will against bad will, good men against bad, the defense of morality against robbers.

Now this is very well and, as far as it goes, perfectly right and proper. But still communism grows, and still distrust for the Church and the clergy grows. We can no longer ignore this distrust or count it as meaning no more than a sign of a desperate wickedness. The question is: why do the workers distrust us? It is because our politics does not

apply to the world of industrial capitalism. In that world the institution of private property has been destroyed. Whether we like it or not, the ordinary man does not own property any more. The ordinary man is not the owner of anything but his own body; he can no longer claim ownership over his own children. The concern which employs him is in most cases a joint-stock limited-liability company of which the best can be said is that it is a public service when it is not a public robbery.

The state of affairs which we now enjoy is the product of several centuries of "progress". Good or bad, this progress has not been opposed by the clergy. All of us have accepted without demur the dope that the progression from man-made to machine-made, from small workshops to large combines of companies, is all in the scheme of divine providence. But the consequences have not been observed; the logic of the development has not been accepted. We have created vast public services in place of

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innumerable private businesses, giant factories in place of small workshops, the impersonal service of machines in place of responsible human artistry, and we think it possible to apply the principles of private property to institutions of which the only privacies are the dividends. In these circumstances the notion of private property as a moral right is obviously absurd; and, if morals are its only ground, nothing can save private property.

This is precisely where Catholics have up to the present made the mistake. They have sought to defend private property by the very arguments which are their enemies' strongest line of attack. They have used the moral argument, when it is precisely the moral argument which is against them! Man's right to private property is not primarily a moral right. As a moral being private ownership is exactly the one thing he cannot claim. For "the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof", and the earth is God's gift to man for the use and sustenance of all men. In our vast undertakings we have reduced individual appropriation to a minimum and we have heaped the highest honors upon those who most cunningly accumulate private fortunes. Our rich men

are those who by unscrupulous machinations sequester to themselves the profits of trading in oil and soap and newspapers.

But what is individual appropriation? The root of our error has been in supposing that man's right to individual appropriation was a moral one. That was the trouble. For man's soul is not only a will but an intelligence also. It is his intelligence that we have forgotten. *It is by reason of his intellectual nature, not of his morality, that man may and must make claim to individual ownership.* It is for the good of the property itself that "as many as possible shall be encouraged to become owners". It is as artists, that is, as responsible workmen, that men must own; for it is only as owners that they can do to things as they should be done by, and that alone, is the ground upon which it is said that men tend to look after their own property better than that which is owned in common.

It is therefore the fact of manipulation that gives man claim to ownership.

It is because of the necessity of manipulation that there is the necessity of private ownership. It is because the service of men implies good service and not bad that an artistic problem merges

into and becomes a problem of morals. It is immoral to deprive men of what they need. Men need goods; but, in order that goods be made well, there must be individual appropriation of the means of production. It is thus that the denial of private property becomes a breach of morals. But the immorality is not due to any direct injustice but indirectly; because while in the order of *doing*, the use of things should be in common, in the order of *making*, and for the good of the things made, ownership must be private. Where there is no private ownership in the means of production there is injustice, and therefore a breach of the moral law, because the quality of things made is reduced and men are deprived of what is due to them.

Such then is the true and firm ground upon which we base a claim of private property; and, it is clear, this claim is precisely the opposite of that of the socialists and communists.

There is no moral right to private property except in view of the fact that *the artist or workman is a man and it is a man's work that he must do*. Thus, though the right of ownership derives in the first place from the necessity of manipulation, the

use of property is also a moral act which, as such, must somehow regard the good of all—in the first place my own good of course, but my good as member of the community.

Such is Christianity, such is the teaching of the Church. It is commonly forgotten; but on the surface there appears to be no difference between the claims of the capitalists and those of Catholics. We are for the most part as greedy and grasping as any man of business.

Corrupted by five centuries of commercial rule, the idea of human work has become an idea having no associations with anything but money in the first place; and, as an afterthought and an excuse, the moral duty of providing for physical needs. The human responsibility of the workman—to bake bread or make chairs and tables, clothes and houses, according to his own idea of what is good in such things—has been universally destroyed. It is no longer asked of the workman or even remembered by him. In such a world of factories and machines, of companies using millions of capital and employing men by the thousand, there can no longer be any private property in the means of production. Catholics

who think that they can stem the tide of communism by talking about "natural human rights" are merely distributing hot air; unless, at the same time, they admit and proclaim that the whole fabric of our industrial civilization is based upon unchristian assumptions. For the "natural human rights" we talk about are not rights to private property as such, but to the responsible use of our intelligence and good will. It is those faculties which demand private property for their support. It is those faculties which are necessary to salvation. It is those faculties which our present civilization flouts and corrupts and destroys.

A more important reason for individual appropriation of the means of production is the fact that, only when men own the means of making, is it possible for work to be what it is meant to be, the praise of God.

We said that when the quality of things is neglected men are deprived of good things and injustice is done because men are deprived of what is due to them. But this debt is not incurred because men are good and so deserve good things but because man is good, created in the image of God. The debt is paid to man and is in a manner due to him,

but it is actually due to God. Man is, as it were, the receiver on God's account.

Holiness is the criterion of human works, but there is no formula for holiness. It is in accord with man's nature but beyond logic. It is rational but beyond ratiocination. *Therefore* it is imperative that men shall be free. *Therefore* it is imperative that men shall own the means of production. For only thus can the ineffable be captured.

Here we may discern the obscenity of our industrialism. It has destroyed the very thing which gives the work of man its ultimate reason. It has determined to do the one thing which cannot be done. It has sought to find formulas for delightfulness. Food, clothing, shelter, the things necessary to man's material existence, have been deliberately reduced to purely material significance; and the only reason why our manufacturers do not suppress man's appetite to enjoy himself is that that appetite offers them even further means of exploitation. Leisure which, like sleep, is formally for refreshment, a means to the end that work may be renewed with love, becomes the end for which work is done; and the life of pleasure, a thing forbidden by God, be-

comes the end and object of society. "It is only in and by work that man can grow spiritually . . . The goal may be purely contemplative but the way must be plodded. Hence the spiritual importance of the *actus primus* in art; and one sees just what we are doing in condemning men to mindless labor, treating them as machines without a goal."*

Art embraces *all* making. Art means "the use of right reason in the making of things". Here, as Maritain says, "is the metaphysical element in human nature which in a general way makes personal ownership a matter of necessity and which is the ground of proprietary right . . . The principle holds good whether the work be that of a crafts-

man or a manual laborer . . . The exercise of art or work is the formal reason of individual appropriation." (*Freedom and The Modern World.*)

Thus we may see the reason why in our time the ideas of communism (public ownership and private use) are attractive and compelling. The capitalist period, transforming the world of human art into a likeness of the inhuman world of bees and ants, makes communal ownership the necessary next step, unless the industrial organization of work be abandoned. Either private ownership, for the sake of the work to be done, must be re-established, or, we must accept communistic industrialism.

* A. K. Coomaraswamy. (From a private letter.)

FRA ANGELICO

Some say that he never took up his pencils without imploring the blessing of Heaven upon his work; and remained in a kneeling position the whole time he was occupied in painting the figures of Jesus and the Virgin Mary. Every time that he painted Christ on the cross, tears flowed as abundantly from his eyes as if he had assisted at Calvary at this last scene of the passion of our Lord.

RODIN

It is not beauty that is lacking to our eye but our eyes which fail to perceive her.

ZOLA

Art is a corner of nature seen through a personality.

Vicissitudes of the Crown of Thorns

By EDYTHE HELEN BROWNE

Condensed from *The Ave Maria*

Today, the Crown of Christ is only a skeleton band of rushes without its horrible filigree of thorns, yet it comes down the centuries direct from the dripping brow of the Saviour, through the miraculous fabric of Queen Helena's dream, through its reign of sanctuary in Mount Sion Church, through vicissitudes of the Crusades and rescue by Louis IX, through the mad delirium of the French revolution, through its days of honor in magnificent Sainte Chapelle, to the cloistered peace of Notre Dame where it is now venerated in a reliquary of frosty rock-crystal.

Before its miraculous unearthing the Crown is mentioned by the evangelists, Matthew, Mark and Luke, who lived within the century of the Crucifixion, and by the Christian Fathers, Clement of Alexandria and Origen, writing in 211 and 241. In 326, after Queen Helena, mother of Constantine, then nearing her 79th year, had received the Faith, she donned the pilgrim's cloak and made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem upon the impulse of a vivid

dream wherein she beheld herself discoverer of the true Cross and implements of the Passion buried some three hundred years. Arrived at Jerusalem she met an old turbaned Jew garrulous with tales of local tradition. He guided her to Calvary's site, and upon excavation the ugly beams of the crosses appeared; and by application of one to a diseased woman, the true Cross was distinguished. Near it lay the nails and the Crown of Thorns. Helena afterwards built a Church on Mount Sion in Jerusalem to house the relics.

Saint Gregory, Bishop of Tours, in 590 and Saint Bernard de Menthon in 870 made pilgrimages to Mount Sion, the former describing the Crown as perennially green, miraculously refreshed daily. Before its transference to Constantinople in 1063 the Holy Wreath lost some of its thorns. In 560 the Emperor Justinian presented a Sacred Thorn to St. Germanus, Bishop of Paris, which was afterwards preserved at St. Germain-des-Pres. In 798 Irene, "Empress of the East", valued

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the friendship of Charlemagne to the extent of giving him several thorns plucked from the real Crown. In 877 St. Corneille of Compiegne was the recipient of four thorns from Charles the Bold. In 927 a marriage pact in the family of the Anglo-Saxon King, Athelstan, occasioned an appropriation of another thorn by Hugh the Great, Count of Paris, which later was enshrined in Malmesbury Abbey, England.

In 1160, after the Crown's removal to Constantinople, one stout thorn came into possession of a Spanish princess, and in 1200 another was carried with ceremonial to Germany.

In 1238 Baldwin II, Latin Emperor of Constantinople, pawned the fragile relic to Venice as security for a loan; but to win the patronage of France, Baldwin offered it to Louis IX, and in 1239 Louis accepted it. In 1241, when an escort of Dominican monks conveyed the bartered crown from Baldwin to the French King, Louis met the advancing group of white robes with their canopied treasure at a bend in the road to Villeneuve near Sens, about sixty miles from Paris. Receiving the Crown on a white satin salver he held it aloft and gave the signal to

march into Paris.

The King consigned it to the metropolitan church until its magnificent outdoor tabernacle, the Palace Chapel of Sainte Chapelle, adjoining his Palace of La Cite, should be built.

Here, under a wooden canopy in the Upper Chapel the reliquary sheltering the Crown of Christ and other trophies of the Crusades in 1239 was deposited by the King; in later days often-times he knelt alone in the quiet of *La Chapelle* before buckling on the cross-radiant breastplate of a crusader, before decision upon affairs of state, in daily prayer for spiritual comfort.

For over five hundred years, until the French Revolution in 1791, the Crown remained at Sainte Chapelle; during the days of terror it was transferred to the Abbey of St. Denys by Louis XVI, then to the Bibliotheque Nationale.

It was again despoiled by C. N. Warenflet, Vicar-General of Coutances, who detached a sprig from it for Port Royal; but before its final transfer to Notre Dame the missing part was replaced by the Archbishop of Paris. In 1806 it was enthroned in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, in a reliquary engraved with its history.

The Singing Negro

By CHARLES J. KEEFE

Condensed from *The Wanderer*

One who has listened interestingly to negro spirituals cannot but be reminded of that magnificent psalm about the rivers of Babylon—that picture of the Jews in exile, captives carried into a strange land, sitting beneath the willows beside a river, harps hung in the branches, heads covered, weeping for Sion and the solid peace of home. By the rivers of Babylon they sat, and wept when they remembered Sion; in the willows on the bank they hung up their harps, and, when their captives asked for a song, they said, "How can we sing of Sion and we in a foreign country . . . But we will forget our right hand before we cease to remember Jerusalem."

The parallel is perfect. So were the negroes of these States, captives in a foreign land, forced to make bales out of cotton, slaves singing in their oppression songs as spiritual, as true to their nature, as *super flumina Babylonis* is to the Jews.

It is said that no nation on earth has so identified itself with the one chosen people of God as have the negroes. One need only

hear their songs to see how true that is: as David was delivered out of the lion's den, so they hope to be delivered; as the walls fell down in Jericho, so the wall of cheap suppression will collapse for them. They have the Lord for Shepherd; He will care for them, His sheep, carry the little lambs in His bosom.

What Christianity the negroes got up to now has been mainly Bible History, taught by Baptist ministers and Methodist circuit riders—at whom it befits no Catholic to smile smugly, for what have Catholics given them? With that part of the truth the negro has done remarkably well; he has contributed to our culture the only form of folk song we have—at least the only form that is of any interest. Compare the negro spiritual to the stupid sentiment of cowboy songs, or the rustic clownishness of the hill-billy songs, and you have a good idea of what I mean.

One cannot therefore reproach the negro for what he has done with what he has been given. One can only regret that he has not been given more. Suppose

the negro had been missionized as were the Indians; suppose the friars had worked among them as they did among the original inhabitants of Los Angeles. How amazing might have been the result. Had the negro been taught Christianity adequately (been made Catholic); had he been nourished in the solid truth of the Church, had he been taught to sing the Mass and the Office, what might he have done? It is not presumptuous to suppose that there might have been evolved

poetry as great as the *super flumina Babylonis* and in the same mood. Little effects, like avoiding the Civil War (an obvious one), need not be mentioned here. We may have had to get on without *The Green Pastures*, but we would most likely have had adequate compensation for its loss.

Still it is not too late. The negro is still here—and still non-Catholic. Christ still lives in the Church, acting objectively in the liturgy. Need one say more?

Song In Exile

By the rivers of Babylon
 We sat, yea and wept,
 When we thought of Sion.
 On the willows therein.
 We hung up our harps.

For our captors there
 Asked of us songs,
 They who led us away,
 "Sing us some song of Sion."

How could we sing a song of Yahweh,
 In the land of the stranger?

If I forget thee, Jerusalem,
 Be my right hand forgotten;

Cleave my tongue to my palate,
 If I remember thee not,
 If I make not Jerusalem,
 The crown of my joy!

—*Davidic Psalm.*

When Love Comes My Way

By JESSICA DRAGONETTE

Condensed from *Good Housekeeping*.

The one reason why I have not married is that it *just hasn't happened*. I am not in the least fickle. I have never been "disappointed"; and I hold love and marriage to be the supreme fulfillment of life. Certainly I never made up my mind *not to marry*! I do not say that I never shall marry. But to date it just hasn't happened, and I am perfectly content.

That is because I happen to cherish an incurably romantic view of love. And the belief that it "just happens" is the most beautiful part of it. It is precisely this which makes love so exciting and so mysterious. I don't much like the idea of going out to "get your man" in the same business-like way in which you would go out to get a loaf of bread. Love is the perfect fulfillment of human destiny, and for that very reason it must come—as destiny!

No matter what painful things we see in the world about us, we cling to the secret dream that some day, we shall find the perfect love that will set everything right for us. So when I say that

I have not married because it just hasn't happened, I am giving not only my reason but my entire belief. And if you are the least bit romantic at heart, I am sure you share it.

But there is a more practical side of the picture, and we must look at that, too. In the stories we read, the coming of love is the happy ending. In life, though, it's only the beginning! A long span of congenial comradeship must follow. And that is where the marriage-career comes in.

Marriage, to me, is an all-absorbing career, a thing primarily orderly. It impels two people to adjust themselves to building a new world that never existed before. Love just happens, but the adjustment needs care. Both the man and the woman must, at the very start, make ready for the discipline of giving up many of the things of their separate lives for the building of the new joint life. And in exchange they both have the delight of building with their own hands the sort of happiness that lasts forever after. The sort of marriage I dream about is the expression of ro-

mantic love through complete and purposeful devotion.

Believing as I do, I wonder at the modern attitude which makes the self-developing of a career seem the focus of life, and marriage just one of the many things which a clever woman can take in her stride. I wonder if she can —without sacrificing just those spiritual values which raise marriage above the level of a prosaic job.

It seems to me that careers are an accident for women. In my own case the voice and the deep love for music, which happened to be born in me, have always made me long to sing. But my career, as a career, is in many ways an accident. Had marriage "happened" when I was seventeen, let us say, I should most certainly have renounced public work and confined my singing to my own home. But it did not happen, and so I followed my career, not at all as a second choice, but as the single dominating goal of my life.

A career isn't all glamour! The best part of it lies, not in the externals — rehearsal, performances, evening gowns, and the spotlight come to be very much of a business routine!—but in the joy of doing the work one loves and finding a response in

the hearts of other people. Every one can have that sort of beauty in her work, no matter where her calling lies; but she must put it there herself, through whole-hearted devotion.

I have never been able to tolerate the idea of carrying on a career along with a marriage-job. No woman can put her complete best energies into two works at once. One is bound to stand in second place to the other. We should never dream of arguing that a woman could be both an accountant and a surgeon. Of course not! Both jobs are too important to admit of divided energies. Still we do argue about carrying on a career along with marriage, which is the greatest job of all! It doesn't seem logical.

The first obligation of marriage is to be the worthy custodian of a home and a family. If a woman does this with the same whole-souled energy that an outside job demands, she can not take on a second career. If she does, something is bound to suffer. Her home and her children will be left to the care of some hired outsider. Her husband will have, not a wife in the full beauty of the word, but a sort of business associate, who leaves home with him in the morning, meets him

coming in at night, and is too full of her own problems to help him absorb the little shocks of his. In which case he is decidedly drawing the short end of the stick. And this is a great mistake. Husbands deserve better than to be treated as second-class citizens!

A certain amount of discipline is a necessary preparation for successful pulling together in any kind of work. I am thankful to have been reared in a wholesome regard for it. When I was a pupil at the Georgian Court Convent, the nuns soon had me learning to sew, to cook, to make beds, whether I liked it or not. When I objected to mathematics, beginning to be allowed to practice, they told me with gentle firmness that I should need more than mere notes for my music, and that everything I learned would make my singing richer and more vital.

Each year in May, when I go back to the convent to sing at the graduation exercises, it amuses me to see the old order reversed. Today the nuns are greatly interested in my singing, while I ask advice of them on problems of acoustics that come up in my work.

I learned more than mere lessons from those gentle teachers

of mine. I recall how impressed I always was with the spirit of fervor that surrounded their lives, making them beautiful. I have since often thought that it is just this fervor, this complete devotion of self to the cause in which one believes, that sheds beauty on any task. I know this is true in the world of artistic effort. I believe it is just as true in the art of homemaking. The woman who puts mere business efficiency into her job and takes marriage nonchalantly is deliberately shutting herself out of its beauty. I think she is losing something far more precious than material advancement can ever make up to her.

I consider wifehood and motherhood the most sublime career a woman can have. I regard marriage as a holy sacrament, surrounded by spiritual seriousness as well as mortal pleasure. That, perhaps, is one reason why I have not yet embraced them. During my struggle years I should have had to file them somewhere in the pigeon-holes of part-time avocations. I should not be content with that. I should not be content to enter into marriage with the definite plan of living sketchily, dining out of a can, limiting my family, and flying out of the house every

morning to follow my career. Most of all, I should not be content with a man who permitted me to do that to him and to the household which bore his name.

A friend of mine had a new baby recently. I was happy to think of its coming, and spent a week of free evenings making the child a little dress. When I carried it to my friend, she exclaimed over it.

"It's lovely! Just see those stitches. That dress came from Paris!"

"It did not," I objected. "I made it myself."

She looked at me in surprise. "That's more than I've done for the baby," she said. "I got everything ready made and didn't have to sew a bit. Why, I stayed right on at work in the studio until a week before he came!"

I can not tell you the painful impression that made on me. I prefer that a studio be run by people who belong there; and that a new little baby be welcomed in an atmosphere of care and preparation.

I know several young husbands who regularly telephone to their wives' places of business during the day, to see if they are to be free in the evening. I know several who must make special appointments with their own

wives, marking them down on the calendar! To me that is simply unnatural. Yes, I am sorry for the men—but I'm sorrier still for the women. They are deliberately blinding themselves to their own best fulfillment. For reasons of vanity or ambition, they are sacrificing their womanhood.

Are the modern marriages happier or more lasting than the romantic, conservative kind I like to dream about? I wonder! They admit of greater freedom, of course; and also of greater ease in dissolving marriage ties, which I believe to be sacramental and therefore indissoluble. When you see a thoroughly modern couple making a go of it, you know they must be happy—otherwise they probably wouldn't be together at all! But where there is less freedom and less chance of easy divorce, people take their entrance into marriage more seriously. They put forth their most earnest efforts to make it work. When you see a conservative couple making a go of it, you know it isn't mere luck, but the result of deliberate planning, careful adjustment, and, above all, a fervent desire to beautify lasting ties with a congenial relationship.

Are women playing absolutely "equal" when they assume greater freedom in planning their lives

than men have? We permit a woman the right to expect a home, if she happens to want one. We also permit her the right to expect full freedom in a career, if she happens to prefer that. But we grant the man no rights at all! We expect him to protect his household, yet we wish him to be content eating canned food six nights a week if his wife is too busy with her career to take proper care of him. We expect him to provide a home for his children, yet we like to see him happy in two rooms without children if that way of living better suits the demands of his wife's career. Surely we can not be serious in letting the matter boil down to free choice for the woman and stern duty for the man! That is as illogical as it is unfair. The woman who wants true equality will be the first to give up these extra privileges. She will do what we expect men to do—make a careful choice in planning her life, and then stick to it, to the best of her abilities.

But the question can never set-

tle itself in terms of what a marriage *ought* to be. The solution must lie in what it actually *does* mean, individuality, to you and to me. To me it means the perfect fulfillment of life, which I should be proud to have—if true love *happened* to me!—and to which I should be proud to devote the same best energies that I bring to my singing. And no matter what work I should have to do with my hands, I should try to enrich it with the fervor that alone can beautify human effort.

Perhaps it is hazardous for me to talk about the needs of marriage—as hazardous as for the unmarried aunt in the family to lecture on the bringing-up of the children! But at least I've played fair. While I am a career woman no one is suffering through it. I have not found my self-development at other's expense. I have not tried to have my cake and eat it, too. But all the while, being romantic, I cherish my secret dreams of a personal fulfillment which is greater than the finest career!

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“Marriage is a partnership, not merely between a man and a woman, but between a man and a woman and God.”

Rev. John F. O'Hara.

Judge Rutherford

By RICHARD FELIX, O. S. B.

Condensed from the leaflet of the same title

Judge Rutherford was born and reared in Cooper County, Missouri. At one time he held a county judgeship there. Hence the title. He has never had any theological training. Cooper county lies on the edge of the old "Menace" country of Missouri. It is not difficult then to see where Rutherford learned his tactics. When that anti-Catholic paper went out of existence, Rutherford was quick to adopt the methods of the "Menace" people and to make their racket his own. It is needless to go into the past history of Rutherford's anti-Christian activities but suffice it to say that at present he operates out of Brooklyn, N. Y., where he owns a large newspaper plant and a powerful radio station.

Judge Rutherford publishes two papers, *The Watchtower* and *The Golden Age*. Each appears twice a month. Bias and bigotry and insulting cartoons fill every page. It is claimed that these two papers have a combined reading list of several million people. *The Golden Age* is published simultaneously in twelve different languages.

Besides these two magazines, Rutherford puts out a great variety of books and booklets, religious rubbish, reeking with calumnies against the Church. He scruples at nothing if he thinks that it will count against the Church, which he always refers to as "the organized forces of Satan". Through his followers, whom he calls "Witnesses of Jehovah", Rutherford scatters this vile literature wholesale across the land. To date he has disposed of 180,000,000 copies of these religious tracts. In quantity that represents more literature than has come from our entire Catholic Press from the beginning of our country down to the present day. It took us twenty years to distribute 2,000,000 copies of "The Faith of our Fathers". Less than a year ago Rutherford published "Riches", which is merely another of his blatant brochures against the Church, and already has disposed of more than 1,500,000 copies of it. All this may seem unbelievable but I have followed the work of this charlatan carefully for a number of years and am sure of these figures.

Pilot Grove, Mo.

But bad as are his books and booklets, Rutherford is even more baneful in his religious broadcasts. By means of electrically transcribed records Rutherford is now ranting his tirades against the Church week after week over more than 140 radio stations. Most of the radio stations that broadcast the Rutherford programs are located in the rural sections of our country but some of them are in our larger cities. From time to time some of our Catholic organizations rise up and protest and succeed in getting Rutherford off a particular station. Then our Catholic papers so play up the incident as to leave the impression that he has been put off the air altogether, whereas he has actually been taken off only one station.

The radio programs of Judge Rutherford are commercial programs. Time on the air for these programs is paid for at the regular commercial rate by his followers. That is the reason why most stations are reluctant to cancel his broadcasts. It means bread and butter to them. The only expense that Rutherford incurs is that connected with the manufacture of his recordings. Since his programs are commercial programs Rutherford never loses a chance to advertise his

publications and we may well believe finds this a lucrative source of income. Neither is this work confined to the United States. By means of electrical transcriptions, Rutherford is on the air regularly in nearly every country of the world—Australia, South America, Canada, Mexico, England, Spain, etc. The Church is a world-wide institution; he would meet and malign her on a world-wide front.

It is futile to try to rule men like Rutherford off the air. That only leaves the impression that we do have something to hide. And try as we may, we could never get him off more than a very few stations. Neither will a campaign of silence accomplish anything. Here is an instance where we must fight fire with fire. If Rutherford and his kind defame us in print, let us at least rise to our defense in print. If Rutherford and his kind take to the air, let us do likewise.

But by "defense" we would not be misunderstood. The best defense is a plain and positive presentation of our own position. In this defense we would not deign to honor this gentleman so much as even to mention his name; but in a popular and constructive way strive to build up

our own case and in so doing, reasonable men. They are looking for information. We can and undo him and disprove his every accusation. Our fellow men are should give it to them.*

* (The author has a series of 13 transcriptions available for Catholic organizations who are ambitious to put them on local stations. Ed.)

20th CENTURY TARCISUS

What do Catholics in our days do when their priests are hunted, jailed and even murdered by the agents of a savagely tyrannous government? Part of the answer is in a story from Mexico, where an allowance of two priests for 95,000 people was reduced to no priest at all. "One Holy Thursday, the people of one of the towns in the North desired to have the traditional Repository in their church. So they picked out a little boy of ten, dressed him all in white, white shoes, stockings, trousers and coat, and several armed men took him in a car into the United States. There a parish priest gave him the Blessed Sacrament in a lunette, and with his escort the little fellow brought his precious Burden back to the parish church, which was crowded. He marched up to the altar, which was banked with flowers and lights, and placed the Blessed Sacrament upon it. Two altar boys incensed it, and the congregation without a priest, sang, adored, and prayed all day. As night fell, the boy took his sacred Charge, still with his escort in the automobile, back into a free country."

Wilfred Parsons, S. J.

Mines of Romance

By P. W. BROWNE

Condensed from *The Catholic Educational Review*

Names are not mere arbitrary sounds, but are in a measure "mines of romance", of poetry, of history, whose treasures are lost to everybody who does not know the story of their origin or their growth.

As to when names originated —we shall find the answer in Genesis ii, 19: ". . . Whatsoever Adam called any living creature the same is its name." In the same chapter we find that he called the woman whom God had given him as his wife, Ishah; but elsewhere she is called (after the expulsion from paradise) Havah, "the mother of all the living" (Gen. iii, 20).

Scriptural names were not arbitrarily chosen; they were determined by a natural characteristic or by some historical occurrence. Natural characteristics suggested Ramah, Mizpah, Jericho; historical occurrences gave the names Babel, Well of Calumy, and Bethel. Individual features connected with their birth are exemplified in Esau and in Ichabod.

The Greeks gave a child its name on the seventh day after

birth; it was usually suggested by some striking personal quality, or derived from a physical characteristic. The Romans, in ancient days, had a family name, indicating the tribe from which they sprang.

The Chinese have a curious system of names. They usually bear two names—one a *sing* (the familiar), the other, a *ming* (the official). Formerly there were few family names in China; but at the present day they are numerous, and are nearly all monosyllabic. The names Li, Wang, and Chang are as common in China as the names Smith, Jones, and Robinson in the United States. Here it may be noted that the Chinese names found over laundries and chop-suey establishments are not the names of individuals in the regular sense. Japanese surnames are of two kinds: (1) the *Kabane* or clan name; (2) the *Uji*, or family name. Given names, or, as we should call them "Christian names," are of many kinds, usually ending in *taro*, for the eldest son, *jiro* for the second, *saburo* for the third. The Kore-

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ans have a similar system of nomenclature.

One of the most interesting features in the study of nomenclature is that which deals with Indian names, nearly all of which are totemistic, so called from the term *totem* (derived from the Algonquin word *ototeman*, which means a rude picture of a bird, beast, or the like). It was used by North American Indians as a symbolic designation of a family or class.

Each tribe wore a badge representing a natural object; and only such objects were chosen as might easily be drawn in an expressible language. In addition to the totem names (which indicated kindred), special aggregations of men received local names; and when members of a tribe came to recognize their unity, they usually called themselves by some term meaning "the men", in contradistinction to outsiders, who were known as "strangers".

Some Indian names were very poetical. This is readily accounted for. The Indians lived close to nature; they were influenced by the poetry of the murmuring brook, the sighing of the wind, the humming of insects, and the deep diapason of tumbling water. We can thus understand why natural phenomena should suggest

such names as Niagara, Minne-haha, Altahama for streams and rivers, and such names as "Golden Flower of the day" and "Lily of the Plains" for children. Catholics are familiar with the name of an Indian maiden—Tegakwita, "Lily of the Mohawks", who may soon be raised to the altar.

It is quite remarkable that the North American Indians had no profane words in their vocabulary. It is said the nearest approach to cursing a man was to call him "a bad dog". Schoolcraft, one of the greatest authorities on Indian lore, says, in *Thirty Years with the Indian Tribes*:

"I have made many inquiries into the state of their vocabulary, and do not, as yet, find any word which is more bitter or reproachful than *matchi annemoosh*, which indicates simply bad dog. They have terms to indicate cheat, liar, thief, murderer, coward, fool, lazy man, drunkard, babbler. But I have never heard of an imprecation or oath. The genius of the language does not seem to favor the formation of terms to be used in oaths or profanity. It is the result of observation of others as well as my own, to say, that an Indian cannot curse."

Celtic names (Irish and Scot-

tish) were originally formed on the same principle as the Saxon, the prefix *Mac* (denoting "son of") being found in Scotland, as *O* among the Irish. Thus from Scotland we get most of the *Macs*, though we also find the same characteristic prefix in the North of Ireland, and even in certain sections of the West and the South. The head of the Scottish and Irish clans bore the title *The*. Hence the meaning of the expression: "Where The Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table." Among Celtic names we find Angus, meaning "firm"; Fin-gal, "strongest of the strong"; Brian, "chief"; Fergus, "strong arm"; Hugh, "mighty"; Murdoch, "the great chief"; Rowena, "the white-necked"; Brenna, or Brenda, "raven-haired"; Morgiana, "lady of the sea". The *O* is said to be of Norse origin; *Fitz* is undoubtedly Norman, but became in time one of the most prominent affixes in Ireland.

The German *von* and the French *de* are supposed to be significant of distinction, just as is the Spanish and Italian *del*; but let it be said, learned authors to the contrary notwithstanding, that such prefixes are by no means suggestive of blue blood.

From the locality in which our forebears were domiciled, per-

haps in the very distant past, we get the following surnames: At-wood, Field, Meadows, Brooks, Bridge, Hill, Styles, Rivers, Kent, Scott, Ireland, Walsh, England, French, Holland. From occupations we get: Steward, Miller, Smith, Sadler, Baker, Carpenter, Wright, Carter, Parker, Fisher, Baxter—the list could be lengthened almost indefinitely. Signs and heraldry, offices and conditions have left us names such as Rothschild, Page, Griffin, Bitler, Cook, Goldsmith; and you can find amiable clergymen named Hawke as well as Dove, while Wolf and Lamb are by no means rare.

The name Yankee is of disputed origin, but it is usually stated that it is derived from the term "Yenghies" used by the Iroquois Indians to designate the English with whom they first came in contact: the settlers took the name back from their dusky neighbors, and it became "Yankees". "Uncle Sam," as a name for the United States, is said to date from the War of 1812, and is thus accounted for:

During the early days of the war large quantities of provisions, in casks, were stored at Troy, N. Y., and one Elbert Anderson, an army contractor, used to purchase supplies, and marked

the casks with his initials "E. A." to ensure shipment. The packages were inspected by one Samuel Wilson, familiarly known as "Uncle Sam", and this designation finally was adopted by the soldiers as the regular name for the American Government.

What we term fanciful nomenclature is exemplified among Puritans and illustrates the ardor of their intolerance. It is not so long ago that in a certain New England village were to be found such names as "Hate Evil", "Go Good Always," "Walk Wisely" instead of a regular Christian name. In an old volume, *English Patronymics*, are found the following (taken from a jury list of 1658, the year in which Richard Cromwell became Protector): "Faint-not Clifford"; "Make-peace Burton"; "God-reward Smart"; "Search-the-Scriptures Morton"; "Peace - of - God Knight". If we seek the reason for this peculiar nomenclature, we shall find it in the attempt made by the Puritans to obliterate the custom of giving saints' names to children at the baptismal font. Intolerance and fanaticism had gone to such extremes in England at the time that even Christmas Day had been expunged from the calendar by an Act of Parliament. It is perhaps not

generally known that there is an echo of this legislative enactment in the United States: the founders of the Massachusetts Bay Colony substituted "Thanksgiving Day" for Christ's Natal Day. They were presumably grateful that they had been saved from starvation by a copious supply of wild turkeys, and at the same time possibly found the occasion opportune to attempt to abolish what they deemed a "Romish superstition".

People often asked where our American term *dollar* comes from, and they wonder why the thirteen colonies adopted a currency different from that which existed in England, where the currency consisted of pounds and shillings. Briefly, the dollar came into existence in 1516, and is of Catholic origin. Its birthplace was St. Joachim's thale (or dale) in Bohemia. The story goes that the Count of Schlick had an estate on which was found an enormous quantity of silver, from which he coined what became known as Joachim's thalers (each coin bore the figure of St. Joachim). The coins became popular and the *thaler* circulated freely throughout Germany. It became current in the Netherlands, where it was known as *daler*, and then found its way to

England, where it became known as *dollar*. Says a writer in *Popular Mechanics*:

"This coin was a dollar to the British, and so were the coins of a similar size made by representatives of other nations. When the Spanish began to flood the West with 'pieces of eight', the English-speaking colonists called the coins

dollars. When, therefore, they set up their own currency they made the basic coin a dollar rather than a shilling or a pound. It is really still a 'piece of eight', and that is the reason that a quarter of it to this day is called 'two bits' and half of it is called 'four bits'."

YES MEANS NO

Alleged scientists are preaching errors about the peoples of the so-called primitive lands, according to Bishop Thomas J. Wade, S. M., Vicar Apostolic of the North Solomon Islands. The Bishop cited a book recently published by an English scientist in which a list of 81 conclusions concerning the people of Oceania is entirely erroneous.

The investigator misunderstood the simple distinction between the affirmative and negative response in the language of the people. He would ask, for example: "There was cannibalism in this village, was there not?" And the answer would be: "Yes." But the real meaning of the answer was: "Yes, there was not." Consequently, every answer that the English investigator received had a meaning opposite to that which he understood.

The Shield.

DANGER OF DOGMA

Religious and philosophical beliefs are, indeed, as dangerous as fire, and nothing can take from them that beauty of danger. But there is only one way of really guarding ourselves against the excessive danger of them, and that is to be steeped in philosophy and soaked in religion.

G. K. Chesterton.

Catholic Action and the Slums

By M. P. LINEHAN

Condensed from *The Irish Monthly*

The tourist loitering through the aisles of the great cathedral of Chartres will notice a stained-glass window given by the King of France beside one presented by the guild of carpenters. Opposite these windows there is one contributed by the stone-masons, another was the gift of Blanche of Castile, mother of the King, and this latter has as its neighbor, one for which the fur-merchants were responsible.

A non-Catholic writer speaking of these cathedrals says: "They meant far more than so many days' labor. They were not simply work, they were men's ways of escape from the numberless evils that beset them into a future world where all should be ideal. They were men's dreams and faith and hope. They were the workmen's way of giving thanks to a loving and merciful God who was to rescue them from a harsh and merciless world."

Our civilization is failing, because it has forgotten that the primary purpose of all man's activities is the glory of God. We strive to prevent war, to reduce armaments, to create employ-

ment, to abolish slums, and after all our striving we are as we have been. Is it because in our striving we need the vitalizing purpose that the cathedral builders had?

Much has been said and written recently of the horrors of slumdom, of the magnitude of the problem which the destruction of slums presents. Is this problem greater than that presented to the feudal serf and lord in the building of the cathedral of Our Lady of Rheims? And yet, who can doubt that as great glory can be given to God by Catholics of our time in the solution of the slum problem as was given by the peasants of Champagne in building their cathedral? If anybody doubts this, let him remember that to harbor the harborless is one of the corporal works of mercy, and that each one of us who has a comfortable home will one day be asked what did we do for our brothers and sisters who drag out their terrible existence herded in the abominable warrens that cluster behind the noble streets of our capital city.

How can the money for slum clearance be got? Let us return

to the cathedrals and look up at the stained-glass windows, and as we look they change. In their place appears a stretch of slumdom, but no longer slumdom. It has been replaced by parallel rows of modern flats, divided by playgrounds. Let us examine them more closely. In each playground as a centerpiece is a flower-covered rockery topped by a shrine. What is this written on a large plaque prominently placed on the first row: "This block of flats was erected to the glory of God by the subscriptions of the members of the united confraternities of the Archdiocese." In the plaque on the second row, the words "United confraternities" are replaced by "Members of the Law Society", and as we proceed through the rows we find "Railwaymen", "Doctors," "Civil Servants," "Associated Chambers of Commerce," etc. Need I develop the idea? If one and all of these bodies and similar bodies set out to raise by subscription about five dollars per member, it would not be long until sufficient free money to solve this problem was obtained.

There are two conditions essential to the floating of such a scheme. The Government should definitely set a limit for the ground rents to be charged for the building sites, and the work should be done by direct labor under the control of the Municipality. One could not expect the citizens to provide free money in order to swell landlords' rents or builders' profits. If flats were provided under such a scheme, the brothers and sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and of various sodalities could continue to visit the flat dwellers and assist by advice in keeping the flats in good condition.

This is the barest skeleton of a plan which I believe would have effects infinitely more far-reaching than simply the solution of the slum problem, important as such a solution would be. Religion would once again provide the inspiration of a great work, not alone of social amelioration, but of the highest charity. The faith would provide an easier solution of an almost insoluble problem than all the utopian schemes of the Communists.

A Medievalist Goes Modern

By "HENRY WYATT"

Condensed from *The Missionary*

This is an article about a man who was once utterly scornful of what he called "conversion literature", and of the people who wrote it. He thought Cardinal Newman at best a superior sort of journalist. Then, one day, he found himself, amazingly enough, faced with the possibility of writing the same sort of thing for himself; and for the first time, he knew that what he had taken for lack of inspiration was just decent reticence about things too sacred for the market-place. On that day he removed the inverted commas from the phrase conversion literature. Indeed, when he came to write of his own conversion (for so he did), he found so many obstacles that finally he had to write it in the third person in order to achieve anything that looked like English prose.

This man about whom the article is written had been brought up on the socially respectable Protestantism of the past century, with the slight admixture of ritual and doctrine which Anglicanism has tolerated in its midst since the first half of the eighteen hundreds. His immediate family

were indifferent to any practice of religion beyond occasional attendance; they looked with embarrassment on the rare spectacle of religious fervor. But back a generation or so there must have been some interest in the things of the spirit, for two old and distant aunts had been in the current of the evangelical revival. Today an even more distant cousin still has a letter written to one of the aunts by Cardinal Manning after his conversion, assuring that dear woman that he had not really grown horns and a tail after entering the Roman Church.

To this not too solid foundation there was added a superficial taste for ritual. When the young man went to school, he found, as his studies in the Middle Ages advanced, that there were certain qualities of the eleventh and twelfth centuries which the twentieth sadly needed. Religion, organized as he now knew it, seemingly had preserved many of these important values from the past; and gradually the need for some more definite participation made him identify himself

with the Anglo-Catholic movement in general.

For some years, through the university and later, things went along thus with recurrent periods of uncertainty and doubt. Often he felt that there were remote parts of his nature which religion had left untouched, as if it had been something superimposed which had never quite got at the heart of things. Confessions, communions, all the extra-liturgical devotions of Catholicism he had; but there was no deepening of his spiritual life. On the contrary there seemed to be an increasing preoccupation with externals, a situation which he often found to exist among his fellow-Anglicans. Their most ardent interest was to introduce the rosary, and the nearest approach he ever saw to religious ecstasy was brought about by the news that his parish was to have Latin Benediction!

Now, some few years later this young man found himself so situated that he had entree on one hand to a group of Anglican theologians and on the other to see the inner workings of an advanced Anglo-Catholic parish. Here were the two sides of that religion, the theoretical and the practical. There could be no better way to learn what Anglican-

ism really was, and he was amazed with what he found. The theologians (who were actually training candidates for orders) were more confused and in greater turmoil than the boys under them. Indeed, in only one point were they united: their common fear of Rome and suspicion of her people. Yes, they talked of sacraments, and prayer, and endlessly of solid intellectuality, but behind it all there was the Roman bugbear. Discouraged and disheartened, the young man turned from it.

Now, where was the young man to turn? It is a notorious fact that eyes once cast Rome-ward have a way of getting fixed there, or at least wandering back again and again until they might much better be fixed. No doubt, all this time, the young man (who by this time was not quite so young as he used to be, and less subject to acting on whims and fancies) was thinking Rome. He was just rationalizing, of course, as the ever-present psychologist will tell us. He was finding in his medieval studies an increasing sympathy with the Roman point of view. But he found also the fact (psychologist or no psychologist) of the historical strength of the Roman position. But how could all this beautiful

old heritage from the past have any relation to today? How could Catholicism belong to the twentieth century, other than as a kind of survival interest? Why weren't the Catholics in relation with the life of today? Then, suddenly, one day, he was struck by the fact that it was only Anglo-Catholicism which belonged to the past, and that his Anglican friends were the true medievalists, trying to revive something which, however fine it might have been, was long since dead. It was they who had the wistful nostalgia for the twelfth century, while on the contrary, the Roman Catholics were definitely of the twentieth century in every field of endeavor. They were in touch with contemporary life, as the Anglicans for all their talk about Liberal Catholicism, were not. It was not just coincidence, he thought, that in the field of the arts, Mr. Cram the medievalist, speaks for the Anglicans, and Mr. Eric Gill, the modernist, for the Catholics. Gradually, then, this medievalist became a modernist too, as he came to understand that Catholicism was typical of the second, and the twelfth, and the twentieth centuries, of every century in fact. He saw that it was not a creation of one

time, or of one island, or of one continent, or of one class, indeed that it was not an organization at all. It was simply and stupendously what it said it was, what it had claimed exclusively to be through all ages: the Body of Christ.

Now, of course, this article is really finished, because as soon as the man about whom it is written got to his point, he reached for the phone-book and asked for an appointment with a priest, and in a short time was received into the Church, and a new story would begin here. However, he likes to tell of an incident at his baptism, which he thinks of as typical in a way of his new life. As he left the sacristy one of the witnesses, who had been received a short time before, said to him, "I hope you feel as happy as I did. When I left the church I was walking on air!" Our friend (for by this time is he not that?) answered, "On the contrary, for the first time in my life I am walking on solid ground!" He is still walking there, too, and although some of his acquaintances tell him that he is stagnating, he has a curious persistent feeling that now he is really alive.

And Sudden Spiritual Death

By JOHN A. TOOMEY, S. J.

Condensed from *America*

Last year J. C. Furnas wrote an article entitled: ". . . And Sudden Death," in which he painted a harrowing picture of death on the highway. Speeding cars had butchered 36,000 and injured a million people in one year.

He spared none of the gory details. Mangled remains lying on slabs in the morgues; veritable massacres with cars piled high on the road; dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off; bodies with the bones crushed inward; women with splinters of wood driven into their brains; raw ends of bones protruding through flesh; bodies soaked with oil until they resembled burnt cigars; men and women with foreheads laid wide open; victims with the top of their skulls down to the eyebrows completely gone; windshields slashing through veins, arteries, and muscles as a knife cuts beef; cars rolling down steep embankments, falling into rivers: these are but a few strokes of the full picture. The article piled up horror upon horror in such a realis-

tic manner that it literally froze the blood of the nation.

The menace of the zipping cars is indeed a terrifying one. But it is as nothing compared to another peril in these United States. Physical death stalks the highways; but spiritual death, a far more terrible thing, stalks the class rooms. Catholics are losing their Faith in the American secular schools. Whether there were 36,000 such deaths last year and 100,000 grave injuries cannot be ascertained. Even if accurate statistics were available they would doubtless have the same effect upon Catholic parents that accident data have upon autoists. Catholic parents might be jolted into a comprehension of the frightful risk they run when they send their offspring to non-Catholic schools. What is needed is some means of bringing home to them the fact that introducing Catholic children into secular seats of learning is flirtation with spiritual death just as spinning a car at eighty miles an hour through crowded traffic is a flirtation with physical death.

That story you may have heard—the tale of a Catholic boy losing his Faith—is no isolated instance. That sort of thing is happening ceaselessly all over the United States. You cannot read about it in the papers. But there should be screaming headlines: 36,000 CATHOLICS LOSE THEIR FAITH.

Their mangled souls lie on slabs in the morgue. Perhaps if Catholic parents could see that ghastly sight; could see the victims being brought in; brought in from the lower schools; brought in from the colleges and the universities; laid in rows, long rows of young souls, dead to the heaven-born Faith that once pulsed through their beings; dead after breathing in the poison gas of atheism and materialism belched forth in countless classrooms throughout the United States—perhaps that might give Catholic parents pause. It might. One can never tell.

What a sickening history clings to each one of those murdered young Catholic boys and girls. Their case histories would be attached to the slab. There is John J. Blank, twenty-three years old. Born a Catholic. Both parents Catholic. Went to parochial school, to a Catholic high school. Then his parents said: "He has

a good foundation in the Faith now. We will send him to . . . University. The courses are better there; he will make finer social and business contacts than he could in a Catholic college."

Here is Marie Doe, twenty-four years old. Born a Catholic. Both parents Catholic. Went to public high school, then to the University. Lost her Faith in the second year.

Down the long line of slabs, each tag tells the same nauseating story. They were all good Catholics—those souls; they all lost the divine gift of Faith. The day they left home for college, spiritual death leered at them. Spiritual death walked into the classroom with them; sat beside them; never left them afterwards.

Their first reaction to the irreligious professors was one of horror. Blasphemies thundering in their ears sickened them. There was no God, silky-voiced instructors told them. You no longer believe in Santa Claus and pretty soon you will no longer believe in Christ, the voices innuendoed. Science is pushing back the boundaries of superstition. No educated man or woman today believes in all that piffle. After a while, you will perceive the folly of institutional religion.

Their textbooks, their reference readings, their whole environment shrieked out day and night, month by month, year by year: There is no God. There is no moral law. Marriage is immoral. Miracles are impossible. There is no purpose in life. The world is the result of blind forces. Through four long years a false, distorted picture was held up to their youthful gaze. They never got the Truth. Four long years.

Doubts leaped into their minds. Tiny doubts at first. Psychology threw out free will and the soul; sociology eulogized birth control, condemned marriage. Sin, salvation, heaven, hell, devil, God were suavely derided. Premarital purity was sneered at. The ten Commandments—ha, ha—they were the *mores* of a nomad desert tribe of the long ago, unfitted for modern life.

The doubts commenced maturing. Doubts swarming in their minds, the hot blood of youth clamoring in their veins, and spiritual death grinning, edging up closer, and finally choking off the breath from their souls.

If one could only take a moving picture with sound effects of the process that is going on. The professors' voices rising up from all over the United States, pouring falsehood into young Catho-

lics' ears. If one could see the thing that is occurring in the souls of Catholic boys and girls, exposed by their parents to the poisonous breath of atheism. The film would show the little doubts appearing; show them growing; little termites gnawing at the Faith. It would picture the Faith beginning to totter, and then the roaring collapse of the divine gift, the most precious thing on earth. It would portray the destruction of noble ideals, of lofty aspirations, and the gradual conversion of those once Catholic boys and girls into a group of young pleasure worshippers. It would manifest the plunge into vicious habits and the hardening of those habits, the end of the love of God, the ruined, wasted lives; the remorse, the despair gathering thicker about them as they head toward Judgment Day. Young souls, drugged through four long years; doped, hopped with atheism.

This is not scare-fiction. It is sober fact. It is the sequel of the modern, widespread practice of sending Catholics to non-Catholic schools. Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical on Christian Education wrote: It is important to make no mistake in education as it is to make no mistake in the pursuit of the last end, with which

the whole work of education is intimately and necessarily connected . . . there can be no true education which is not wholly directed to man's last end . . . the so-called "neutral" or "lay" schools, from which religion is excluded, is contrary to the fundamental principles of education. Such a school cannot exist in practice; it is bound to become irreligious . . . (To be a fit place for Catholic students) it is necessary that all the teaching and the whole organization of the school and its teachers, syllabus and textbooks, in every branch, be regulated by the Christian spirit, under the direction and maternal supervision of the Church; so that religion may be in very truth the foundation and crown of the youth's entire training; and this in every grade of school, not only the elementary, but the intermediate and the higher institutions of learning as well.

If boys and girls are to practice the Catholic Faith, they have to know it. To know it they have to learn it. To learn it they have to be taught it. Education which leaves out God leaves out education.

Anything can happen in the atheistic classrooms, even those lucky escapes you hear about.

Boys and girls have gone through four years of anti-God lectures and come forth with only superficial scratches. But spiritual death was there just the same, and for those who come through with their Faith still intact, there are the spiritual corpses which clutter the platform on graduation morn. In one of the most celebrated universities in this country, ten Catholic boys began in the same freshman class. Four years later, seven of those Catholic boys had lost their Faith. Seven corpses received diplomas on commencement day.

The modern secular school is a spiritual death trap. The deadliest thing about it is that it does not seem deadly at all. It is simonized and it glows and sparkles. One gazes with awe at the magnificent buildings. One reads of the learned faculties. Stepping on the campus, one can almost smell the prestige. The great reputation casts a sorcery over Catholic parents.

But the modern secular school is peddling error and blasting morals. Either it is peddling error or the Catholic Church is. One or the other must be wrong. Both cannot be right. Let Catholic parents decide which is on the side of the angels—the Church or the secular school.

Men Think As They Read

Condensed from *The Catholic Bulletin*

The influence of the printed word is so great that it educates most of the world for weal or for woe. The persistent repetition of events and ideas necessarily create trends of thought which form the character of its readers and persuade them to a philosophy of life.

The secular press has so utterly repudiated all principles of decency that both publishers and readers have become demoralized. Even Catholics have come to regard these publications with favor. The flood of vicious literature has absorbed the attention of practically the whole world.

A man is no better than his thoughts. If his thoughts are as evil as the press he reads, they will eventually express themselves in his conduct. If his reflections are limited to purely secular things, he cannot learn to evaluate his spiritual destiny.

To offset the influence of the secular press the Vicar of Christ and the Bishops of the world have repeatedly asked the faithful to read and support the Catholic Press. If our Catholic people wish to keep faithful to the ideals of the Church, they must read the daily record of her achievements. If there is to be an antidote to the poisonous theories and atheistic propaganda which goes through contemporary society, it can be supplied only by an intelligent, vigorous and widespread Catholic Press.

—John Gregory Murray
Archbishop of St. Paul

The Press in Spain—

We can understand better the reasons for supporting the Catholic Press by opening our eyes to what is happening in other countries where the Catholic Press has been neglected. To give but a single example, we refer you to the letter which places the blame for the Church's troubles in Spain to culpable neglect of the Catholic Press. The letter was addressed to an American paper from Spain by a person who has evidently been a keen observer of the Spanish situation.

"The blame for the evils which have overtaken us," he writes, "are not due so much to the plottings of evil men who have but carried out their designs as to the Catholics who have refused to comply with their evident duty." According to the writer, there were but three daily Catholic papers in Spain and a large quantity of small dailies, magazines, and bulletins, whose influence was next to zero. "The totality of these publications that defended the saving Christian principles and the basic principles of society did not reach the aggregate circulation of two hundred thousand copies." —Our Sunday Visitor

Readers Vote

Readers of The Catholic Digest were invited to vote on the best article each month. In fact they are still invited to do so. At the end of the year, readers who renew their subscriptions will be given a bound copy of *The Best Articles of 1937*. In that book will be the articles you like best, that is, they will be in it if you vote. Merely mail us a post card saying which one you think best.

Results on the November issue:

1. The Value of My Faith.
2. The Dignity of a Christian.
3. The Missionary Spirit.

Results on the December issue:

1. Communism and the Individual.
2. A Dark Day's Golden Sunset.
3. The Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton.
3. Stars and Tripe Forever.

These last two are tied for third place at the present time. It is too early to tabulate the results for January; votes are continuing to come in such numbers that the office staff is placing bets on the winner. Which one do you want in your book—*The Best Articles of 1937*?

NOTICES

1. The Catholic Digest will furnish information on any of the magazines it mentions; it will forward correspondence to them if its readers wish. Most Catholic magazines will be glad to send sample copies to the curious. We shall also act as agents for the purchase of any book readers wish to order.
2. There are Catholic publications, most of them in colleges and universities, which contain excellent and carefully supervised writing. The Catholic Digest invites editors of such publications to submit a copy to this address. Most frequent remark of Digest readers—I had no idea there were so many Catholic magazines.
3. Let readers continue to vote on the best article by means of post card. Merely address a card to us saying which article you like best. The editors want your opinion for guidance.

Let readers also tell their friends about the Digest. It is interesting, isn't it?